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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

BRITISH COMMERCIAL OPTIMISM

THE London *Saturday Review* congratulates its readers that America's visions of commercial world-conquest and the despondency of British commercial circles a year ago have proved equally unfounded.

Neither in international finance, nor on the oceans, nor in the sphere of foreign trade has the United States displaced Great Britain. A bill on London is to-day, as it was before the war, the foremost instrument of world-commerce. The American merchant navy is little more than an illimitable wreck. . . . The truth probably is that it would be exceedingly difficult to point to any American group or section or industry that is to-day better off because of the war; while many of its most formidable reactions here pressed upon the United States with a severity unknown to any of the European belligerents.

Nowhere else, while the war lasted, was the mechanism of agricultural and industrial production geared to so high a pitch or with such absolute disregard of costs. Nowhere else, accordingly, has the jolt of peace been felt with such disintegrating sharpness. Moreover, as the supreme producer of the staple foodstuffs and raw materials, America has been peculiarly hit by the fall in the price of commodities and the collapse of the European purchasing power.

This journal contrasts with its picture of conditions in the United States the following summary of the situation in Great Britain: —

What has enabled us in Great Britain to meet the competition of Americans in international finance, in the carrying trade, and in foreign commerce, at a time when the superficial advantages seemed to favor them and to be against us, has been above all things the commercial experience of our financial and industrial leaders, their familiarity with the worn channels of trade, their character, prestige, and cosmopolitan outlook. These are assets that nothing can take away from us, and so long as we retain them and do not by foolish legislation deny them a free range of action, the national recovery is assured. It is only in money that we are poorer by the war. Otherwise we are not nearly so exhausted as it is fashionable to make out. Every week that passes adds something indeed to the conviction that our salvation lies in our own hands, and that failure or success depends on what we do ourselves, and not on what is done to us by others.

The London *Outlook* also takes a fling at our ponderous and unprofitable merchant marine. It observes: —

Our American friends, who appreciate a joke against themselves, will not be too much annoyed at the smiles that appear on the faces of British shipping magnates when the United States Shipping Board is mentioned.

The *Statist* likewise believes that the United States is in no sounder business

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condition than the thriftier European nations. We have not yet learned to obey the economic laws which it is compulsory for a powerful creditor nation to observe.

There are two ways only which a great creditor nation, as our experience has shown, can build up a great foreign trade. We adopted first one and then the other, and found it finally more prudent to combine both. The one is, to invest upon an enormous scale in new and backward countries, and thus create a market for certain products of the investing country. Has the United States the mobilizable capital available, which she can spare from her own country for such a purpose? The other is, to admit imports with the utmost freedom from her creditors. She need not fear the killing of any of her own industries that have real stability. The gradual recovery of her creditors will itself create a great market for American products.

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ITALY'S SCHOOL PROBLEMS

ITALY, like the United States, finds a school crisis added to the innumerable other crises for which she holds the war responsible. Teachers' salaries are no longer sufficient to support them. Educational standards for teachers and pupils alike were lowered during the war. Children ran wild to some extent during that period, with serious effects upon school discipline. Pupils' strikes have become the vogue.

On the other hand, intellectual interests, in both the teaching profession and the student body, have been stimulated and broadened by the war and the succeeding crisis.

All this has strengthened the demand for school reform. The appointment of Benedetto Croce as Minister of Public Instruction under Giolitti was largely a concession to this demand. The Church, which has been practically excluded from a voice in school matters for years, is reasserting its claim to participate in this field of the State's activities. There are already many Catholic schools in Italy, taught for the most part by ecclesiastics who receive little or no salary.

On the other hand, the state teachers are solidly opposed to any encroachment by the Church upon the exclusively lay character of the schools, and their organizations have passed resolutions opposing any change in that direction.

Croce, while not popular with politicians or Parliament, was able to carry out several reforms. He established 2000 new primary schools, increased the powers of the local school authorities, lengthened the school year, raised the standards of the teaching profession by enlisting the services of educated people, previously otherwise employed, simplified courses of study, increased the strictness of supervision, and sought to economize on unnecessary and largely ornamental expenditures. He was not a partisan of the so-called religious schools.

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A NEGRO CONGRESS

SOON after the armistice a Negro Congress was held at Paris, where many matters of importance to the black race were discussed, and a set of resolutions was adopted. A second congress is about to be held at Brussels. Negro members of the French Chamber of Deputies are taking the initiative in this meeting. M. Diagne represents Senegal, and M. Candace is a member from Guadeloupe. In fact, under the French flag, black men possess and exercise precisely the same political rights as white men. Consequently, it is anticipated that the congress, which promises to be largely under French influence, will devote its attention to the political status of the black race in other countries, — the United States

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is specially mentioned, — and to the social welfare of the race in the French colonies. Infant mortality is very high in Africa, largely on account of the absence of medical service, and of even the most elementary knowledge of hygiene. This promises to be one principal topic of discussion.

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PROPAGANDA TECHNIQUE

THE recent passages at arms between the British Premier and Lord Northcliffe have afforded an occasion for discussing again the whole question of government coloring and control of news-services. In this connection the London *Outlook* says: —

> The whole art of effective news propaganda lies in *omission*. Examples furnished of the treatment by the Foreign Office in its wireless news of our domestic controversies proves that the service seeks to combat abroad 'mischief' and 'false impressions' caused, as its editors would say, by unfair attacks at home on governments, premiers, foreign secretaries, or foreign policies. Any impression which the Foreign Office desires to create abroad can be fostered by mere careful selection, in the wireless service, of genuine editorial or Parliamentary opinion; there need be no distortion, no falsification as in war days, but only *omission*. This service should be stopped at once, and the circulation of news abroad as at home left in the hands of professional journalists, who are servants of no politicians with personal or group interests to further.

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'HANDS OFF OUR CONFERENCE'

UNDER this title John L. Balderston refers to a rumor current abroad, that, after the United States had intimated that a preliminary conference prior to the formal conference to be held at Washington in November would be unwelcome, Lloyd George suggested that he take his vacation in the United States, sailing immediately after the recent meeting of the Supreme Council at Paris. This informal visit might have served the purpose of a preliminary conference, which the British proposers had in mind. It was intimated, according to this report, that the Irish settlement might reach a stage which would prevent the Premier from visiting Washington in November. The suggestion is said to have been equally unwelcome in the United States, for the reason that it would place our country in the position of an unusually close partner of Great Britain at the time of the final conference, under suspicion of having prearranged with that government our attitude toward questions affecting China and Japan. Those two countries, and France as well, might justly resent such a situation.

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GERMANY'S POLITICAL MURDERS

A PAMPHLET has recently been printed in Berlin entitled, *Zwei Jahre Mord*, or 'Two Years of Murder,' which analyzes the political murders in Germany during the first two years following the revolution. Of the total, 314 were committed by reactionaries and 15 were committed by Bolsheviki and other radicals. Of the 314 reactionary murders, in 73 cases the victims were shot arbitrarily; in 30 they were alleged to have been shot in flight; in eleven they were executed ostensibly under martial law; and in six they were lynched in jail. Of the fifteen Communist murders, ten were cases where persons were shot by way of reprisal, and four where they were shot without known cause. There was one Communist execution under the form of martial law.

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THE WORLD'S SURPLUS SHIPPING

THE recent appearance of the new edition of *Lloyd's Register* has been the

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occasion of much British comment upon the great increase of shipping which has resulted from the war. Archibald Hurd says, in the *Daily Telegraph*, that in spite of the loss of 15,000,000 tons during hostilities, there are now on the ocean more than 33,000 ships, with a tonnage of nearly 62,000,000. Although there are probably not half as many cargoes to be carried as there were immediately before the war, there are 13,000,000 more tons of shipping afloat than at that time. Great Britain and the United States own approximately sixty per cent of the world's tonnage. However, America owns forty per cent of the sailing vessels, which are likely to go almost entirely out of use in the near future. Twenty years ago, well-toward a quarter of the merchant shipping of the world depended on canvas. This total has now fallen to five per cent.

Since the outbreak of the war, the tonnage propelled by internal-combustion engines has risen from 234,000 to 1,263,000. The percentage of the total merchant tonnage of the world using oil-fuel for generating steam has increased from 2.62 in 1914, to 20.65 in 1921, or tenfold in ratio and much more than tenfold in absolute measurement, on account of the increase of total tonnage during that period.

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RECENT RUSSIAN DEVELOPMENTS

One must generalize about Russia with great caution. This much at least seems certain: the Communists are making no theoretical or political concessions to their opponents; and what appear to be so are to be interpreted as strategic detours in the revolutionary campaign. Their attitude toward what they consider social heresy resembles remarkably the attitude of governments—irrespective of creed—toward doctrinal heresy at the time of the religious wars in the sixteenth century. For example, the Soviet authorities, discovering that scholars and scientists educated under a bourgeois régime do not accept whole-heartedly Communist doctrines, and refuse to subordinate their intellectual independence to imposed political creeds, are forming a 'Red professoriate.' Hereafter, those who aspire to enter such intellectual pursuits as teaching must first pass a satisfactory examination in the writings of Karl Marx, Karl Liebknecht, Lenin, and Bucharin.

A special commission has been organized to control the distribution of all foreign literature and foreign scientific works and periodicals which enter Soviet Russia. This new bureau for the defense of Communist orthodoxy is known as *Comforlit*, or Commission of Foreign Literature. The fifth section of the decree organizing it provides that all shipments of literature — including naturally the books and periodicals contributed by charitable scientists and scholars abroad — received in Russia, and all periodicals sent to Russian subscribers, must first pass through the hands of this bureau. Any person or institution buying or receiving literature from abroad, except *via* the *Comforlit*, 'will be held legally responsible.'

Trotsky, whose strong-arm proposals for suppressing discontent in Russia were rejected last spring in favor of Lenin's policy of conciliation and economic concessions, went into retreat for several months, and it was rumored that he was suffering from cancer. However, he reappeared at the Third Communist Congress, apparently reconciled to Lenin's programme, and explained his recent retirement by saying that he had devoted three months to an intensive study of the economic conditions of the world, with a view of forecasting scientifically the progress

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and prospects of universal revolution. His speech was an interesting résumé of the condition of the 'capitalist' nations, as seen by the eyes — or professed by the lips — of a Bolshevist leader, and of the way Bolshevist strategy is to be adjusted to this condition.

Trotsky predicted with great confidence a war between the United States and Great Britain. That, apparently, is the keystone of the bridge over which the world is to pass to Communism. Though he evidently welcomed every blunder, disappointment, and failure of those responsible for restoring political quiet and material prosperity to the western nations, he cautioned Communists against assuming that revolution is the inevitable sequel of an economic crisis. 'There is absolutely no close or necessary connection between revolutions and periods of economic decline.' He estimated the number of men under arms in Europe to-day, not counting Russia, as larger than the number before the war. 'European armies have increased approximately by thirty per cent as compared with pre-war times.' He attributed this to splitting Europe into small independent states, which is directly contrary to the international programme of the Socialists. It is in this condition that he sees the prospect of the coming war, which will hasten the downfall of the capitalist system, in the same way that the recent war made irreparable breaches in the strongholds of that system.

Radek condemned premature and hopeless resorts to violence, such as the March revolution in Germany, although he believed that every outbreak of this kind helped to promote a general revolution. His objection to such measures was that they were wasteful ways of making gains. Both he and Trotsky emphasized the necessity of keeping a proletariat army in being within Russia, both for defense and for possible aggressive employment in case international development should render Russian intervention elsewhere expedient.

Recent changes in methods of rationing in Russia have some direct interest for ourselves, inasmuch as they bear a relation to our relief measures. Instead of issuing food directly to individual workers, it is proposed to distribute quotas of food to groups of workers — as, for instance, all the employees of a given factory. This quota will be determined by the monthly production of the labor group. It will be curtailed if the product falls below a certain amount, and increased if it rises above that amount. After the quota has been proportioned to the product of the group, it will remain unchanged, whether the group increases or diminishes in number, thus bringing pressure on the group to expel incompetent members and bring up the general average of efficiency. This system, however, makes it possible in times of famine to starve out non-Communist groups; and, indeed, some such measure for using food-distribution, to ensure the survival of Communists at the expense of non-Communists, is said to be advocated even by Lenin. The government has made the sale of salt a state monopoly.

One of the early fruits of the policy adopted this year, of leasing works and factories to private individuals and firms, is the concession granted to the Swedish ball-bearings factories, enabling them to keep their works in Russia open indefinitely. This concession runs for forty years. Proposals are also under consideration for giving the Swedish Match Trust a monopoly for manufacturing matches in Russia. An example of the frightful deterioration of fixed capital in Russia is af-

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forded by an account in a Bolshevist newspaper, *Makhovik*, of the condition of the dwelling-houses in certain wards of Petrograd, taken from the reports of the House Committees of these wards: —

The Smolny region has 2200 dwelling-houses of stone and 104 modern houses, having 54,000 rooms altogether, of which 14,500 rooms are unfit for habitation; 40 per cent of the water-pipes are completely destroyed and 50 per cent need fundamental repairs; only 25 per cent of the roofs are in good condition, 15 per cent being entirely gone; 85 per cent of the drainage-pipes are full of refuse; 65 per cent of the stoves are in good condition, while 35 per cent need repairs; 200 to 300 pails of water per capita are supposed to be used every day, but not a single drop of it goes higher than the third, or even the second floor, by far the greater part of it flowing down to the basements and destroying the foundations to such an extent that the houses crumble to pieces.

The situation in the Narva-Peterhof region is about the same. It was intended in 1919 to pull down 400 houses out of the 1100 in that region. During the last two years, 250 houses have been taken down, and the remaining 150 will be taken down as soon as possible. About 800 houses are partially fit for habitation, although they need many repairs.

An English lady, who recently escaped to Warsaw from Soviet territory, reports that one of the Bolshevist commissars in the Ukraine is an Englishman, a deserter from the Murmansk expeditionary forces.

This lady reports that the harvest west of Kieff is moderately good. But the inhabitants expect to be swamped by an invasion of starving people from the famine districts farther east. She saw no signs of military preparations against Poland or Rumania; but the Bolsheviki are in constant panic lest the Poles invade them.

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MINOR NOTES

THE first International Workingmen's Olympic Games were recently held at Prague. Nearly twelve thousand athletes of both sexes, members of the labor Turnvereins of Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Germany, Finland, Sweden, and other countries, participated. Notable attention is being given to physical training and athletic sports by most of the nations that fought the last war. Some leading German dailies have begun publishing sporting supplements — an innovation in that country.

TRADE between France and Germany is rapidly increasing. Including goods shipped on reparations account, Germany sent merchandise to the value of more than two and a half billions of francs to its neighbor last year, and imported goods to somewhat less than half that value from across the Rhine. While coal was the principal item, machinery and tools, glassware, dyes and chemicals, vehicles, and paper contributed materially to the total.

CRITICISM has been aroused in France on account of the large number of casualties in military aviation. In addition to the airmen killed or wounded in enemy countries, 35 French aviators were killed and 36 others seriously injured in airplane accidents during the first five months of 1921. Nineteen of these disasters are described as due to 'pilot's error.' A large number are also ascribed to defective engines. The criticisms in France are practically identical with those that we heard applied to our aviation service in America during the war.

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DANTE STUDIES IN AMERICA

BY GIACOMO BONI

[*Numerous articles upon Dante have appeared abroad in connection with the six-hundredth anniversary of his death, September* 14, 1321.]

From *Nuova Antologia, July* 16
(Rome Critical and Literary Semi-Monthly Review)

In 1829, Columbia College, New York City, took what was then a novel step for an educational institution in the young Republic. It established a chair of Italian literature. Another anomaly was that the holder of this chair was an octogenarian, who characterized himself as a professor *sine exemplo:* for he had neither students nor salary. This scholarly incumbent was Lorenzo Da Ponte, a native of the Vittorio Veneto. His physician, Jackson, describes him as a man of spotless honor, so trustful and innocent of the world, in spite of his long experience in it, that he was constantly victimized by unworthy recipients of his confidence. He was a tall, handsome, courtly gentleman, possessing among other attainments a perfect mastery of Latin, which he spoke fluently. He died at New York in 1838, and was buried in the Catholic church of that city.

Da Ponte had been appointed professor of *belles lettres* at the University of Padua almost immediately after completing his studies, but was not allowed to occupy the chair on account of the hostility aroused by his political opinions. Later, he was a tutor in a noble Venetian family. Already he had a presentiment of the coming social upheaval that was soon to express itself in the French Revolution. He was involved in a movement to restore the ancient laws and republican constitution of Venice, for which he was exiled in 1777 to Austria. His whole estate at this time consisted of a change of linen, a small text of Horace, a Dante, and a thumb-worn volume of Petrarch.

In Vienna Da Ponte devoted himself to dramatic composition. He became acquainted with Pietro Metastasio, at that time the most popular dramatist in the Austrian capital. After the latter's death, he was presented at court. Emperor Joseph II, learning that he had as yet written no opera libretto, complimented him upon 'his virgin muse.' He attempted to liberate the Italian lyric drama from the affected heroic style so popular at that time, and to rejuvenate it with a new element of naturalness and humor. Among other things he wrote the librettos for Mozart's *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni.*

After various adventures, he founded an Italian publishing house in London, which he conducted prosperously until he was victimized by business associates. At this time, his wife and four sons were in America on a family visit. Learning that a vessel was about to leave for Philadelphia, Da Ponte himself embarked for that country, in March, 1805, with the remnant of his fortune, which consisted of a small box of violin-strings, a few volumes of Italian classics, and forty or fifty dollars in ready money: 'All I had been able to rescue from usurers, bailiffs, lawyers, and faithless friends in London, where for twelve years I had been an honest publisher,

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printer, book-dealer, and dramatic poet. When I arrived in New York, I discovered that the Italian language was as little known there as Turkish or Chinese.'

He advertised for pupils. 'In less than a month I had twenty-four young men to teach, and by the second quarter it was difficult for me to find time for all my pupils. . . . Before three years had passed, I had the joy of seeing the libraries of my younger friends adorned with the choicest fruits of our literature, which hitherto were unknown in America.'

However, Da Ponte's temperamental restlessness caused him to relinquish his promising career in New York, and to move in 1811 to the little town of Sunbury, Pennsylvania, attracted thither by the mountain scenery, which reminded him of the Alpine foothills of his boyhood home. Later he resided in Philadelphia, returning in 1819 to New York, with an empty purse but a glad heart. There he again opened a school, which at once became very popular. He presented to the city library many rare Italian works. In 1822 he lost one of his sons, and retired to the Livingston estate, where he found solace for his grief under the trees, translating into Italian Byron's *Prophecy of Dante*.

Later, he interested himself in establishing the first Italian opera in New York city. He wrote at the time, 'It is impossible to imagine the enthusiasm with which our music is received by cultivated circles here. Rossini's *Barber of Seville* was the first shoot transplanted to the New World of what has already grown into a spreading tree of Italian opera.'

Besides succeeding in his musical ventures, Da Ponte also won a prize in a lottery. With the five hundred dollars thus obtained, he bought additional Italian books to add to the public library. He describes in the preface of a little volume entitled *History of Italian Literature in New York*, which he printed in 1827, how he used the fees received from twenty-eight pupils during ten months to buy books to form the nucleus for an Italian collection in Columbia College Library. The college itself added to this collection, 'so that there are now more than seven hundred volumes where, when I arrived in this country, there was but a single tattered Boccaccio.'

When he retired from Columbia College, Lorenzo Da Ponte urged his pupils and friends to follow his example: —

> Io che primo coll' onda dell'Arno
> Non indarno inaffiai queste rive,
> Ove udir d'Elicona le dive
> Armonia che non pria si senti;
> . . . . . .
> Se-vi chiedo pel dorso già curvo
> Sotto il peso e le cure degli anni . . .

In addition to this poetical exhortation, Da Ponte delivered a public address on his seventy-ninth birthday, begging the scholars of the city to support this new Italian library. Shortly before his death, Da Ponte wrote: —

> I was sixty-five years old when I reached America. I am now nearly eighty-five. In that time I, alone, in spite of many changes of abode and other obstacles, have resolutely devoted myself to promoting a knowledge of our language and our literature in one of the most extensive countries in the world, to making their glory known in all the large cities of that land, to awakening admiration and appreciation of their treasures by public readings, by writings, by arousing love for them among the more cultivated and intellectually alert classes of the nation. I have imported from Europe 24,000 volumes. The best which Italy has produced in science, letters, and arts has come to the United States through me, beginning with Dante and his great contemporaries.

In addition to reading and expounding the *Divina Commedia*, Da Ponte published a summary of his critical notes in the *New York Review and*

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Athenæum Magazine of 1825–26. He also wrote three volumes of memoirs in an entertaining, familiar, and fluent style. They were published in New York in 1823; and reissued in an enlarged edition in 1829–30. The Austrian government prohibited the sale of this book within its dominions. One of Da Ponte's sons, Lorenzo junior, wrote a history of the Florentine Republic, and married a granddaughter of President James Monroe.

George Ticknor was the first to arouse interest in the study of Dante in New England. He began a course on the *Divina Commedia*, at Harvard College, which was continued by Longfellow, Lowell, and Norton.

The saying that in England appreciation of Italian poetry is a barometer measuring the degree of interest in poetry in general, seems true — though to a less extent — of America. Dante has repeatedly been worshiped by one generation of Englishmen, only to be neglected or disparaged by its successor. In England, Chaucer admired and imitated him. Spenser read him. He was a favorite with that rare poetic genius of the Elizabethan age, Sir John Harrington. When prose and Miltonic verse were in the ascendant, he was neglected and forgotten. Lord Chesterfield, recommending to his son in 1749 the study of Italian, mentioned Ariosto and Tasso as the poets best meriting attention in that language. Voltaire wrote of Dante: 'He enjoys an immortal reputation because he is seldom read. Everyone knows by heart some twenty quotations from his writings, and that relieves them of the necessity of examining the remainder.'

With the decline of the classicism of the eighteenth century, the star of Dante slowly but steadily rose on the horizon of English literature. Gray translated one canto of the *Divine Comedy*, Coleridge delivered lectures on Dante; Byron composed his *Prophecy of Dante*, and Leigh Hunt wrote the *Story of Rimini*. Other eminent English writers made Dante well known to their generation, until the time came when translations from his works appeared every few years, and a growing circle of readers were familiar with the original.

Dante's poems had equally good fortune in America. The first translation published in that country was that of Cary, which was printed in Philadelphia, in 1822. Six years later, Hoole's translation of Ariosto, and twelve years after that, his translation of Tasso, were printed.

George Ticknor began his studies abroad in 1815, and returned to Europe in 1836. At Dresden he became acquainted with Prince John of Saxony, a devoted student of Dante, and attended the meetings where the latter read and revised the first draft of his translation. Ticknor mentions in his diary in 1836: —

> *January* 20. The Prince was very kind today in showing me the *apparatus criticus* which he has used in his Dante studies. He was candid in admitting some slight errors, and grateful for such comments as I was able to make on the spur of the moment. His appreciation of the power and beauty of the *Inferno* and of the *Purgatorio* is remarkable.

Ticknor made note of his preferred translation of each word or passage on the margin of a Venice edition of 1811, which served him as a *vade mecum* in Europe. He left three volumes of manuscript notes upon the politics, religion, language, and poetry of Italy, in the time of Dante. In his analysis of the *Divine Comedy*, he observes how Italy's glories and sorrows, her parties, her princes, and her great men, are illumined by the brilliant genius, the indignation, the misfortunes, the passions,

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the prejudices, and the griefs of this extraordinary man. He finds proof of Dante's love of justice in the way he rose superior to party passions, when dealing with certain of his characters. He emphasizes particularly Dante's hatred of treason, which caused him to place Farinata among the heretics in the seventh circle.

A year before Ticknor listened to the translations of Dante at the Saxon court, another American, Richard Henry Wilde, — born in Ireland in 1789 and always a lover of our history and literature, — sailed for Italy, where he resided for four years. He received permission from the Grand Duke of Tuscany to study in the archives of the Medici. 'I was like a little child,' he writes, 'wandering in a flowery meadow, gathering blossoms until its hands can hold no more, and still greedily devouring the others with its eyes. I had to limit myself, and so I chose the life of Dante.'

Returning to America, Wilde died of yellow fever in 1847, leaving in manuscript a *Life and Times of Dante* and translations of the Italian lyrics. He seems to have succeeded best with the sonnets, particularly in one of the most beautiful, that of the Canzoniere: —

Guido, vorrei che tu e Lapo ed io,

Dante here seems to have sought to harmonize his metre with motion on the water. Wilde translates it, —

Guido, I would that Lapo, thou and I, —

words that exactly repeat the original, except for that which cannot be expressed in another tongue. In Boccaccio's sonnet, which begins, —

Dante Alighieri son, Minerva oscura, —

it is important not to lose the shade of meaning that personified wisdom receives from the qualifying adjective, while in the translation, —

Dante am I, the oracle obscure, —

the effect is lost, because the word oracle is not sufficiently precise.

Washington Irving described Wilde as a patient delver into unsolved problems. He searched old documents for Dante's record as a member of the Secret Council of Florence, and showed that he voted against furnishing troops to Pope Bonifacio VIII. He vindicated the old biographers and commentators of the poet, whom subsequent writers had tried to discredit. He identified Pigello Portinari, one of the young men poisoned during the factional fighting in 1300, as the brother of Beatrice, and Dante's friend. He opened the way for the elucidation of questions still unsolved: the Roman virtue of the poet in suggesting the exile of Guido Cavalcanti, his friend; and his absolute conviction of his own innocence and the injustice of the sentence which his enemies passed upon him.

Richard Henry Wilde contributed to the discovery, in 1840, of Dante's portrait in the palace of the Podestà at Florence, a task in which he was assisted by Seymour Kirkup, an English antiquarian, and by Giovanni Aubrey Bezzi, a Piedmont exile. The chapel had fallen into disuse and its interior presented to the eye merely a mass of dirty plaster. But the Grand Duke of Tuscany, at the instance of Bezzi, permitted a search to be made. After several months' labor, the portraits of a group of eminent men were discovered, among them that of Dante Alighieri.

Washington Irving wrote in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* of 1841, that

it was not easy to describe Wilde's delight. . . . It was like the discovery of an authentic portrait of Shakespeare, plus the livelier sensibilities of the Italians.

Still, the glory of having made Dante really known to America, and of winning for him there the audience which

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he merits, belongs to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. From early youth, Longfellow was eager to learn Italian, without a mastery of which he felt that he would be forever excluded from one of the most important fields of literature. As soon as he succeeded Ticknor at Harvard, he began to give a course on Dante, which included more than a mere literary study of the poet. He read the entire *Divine Comedy* to his students, who were already prepared to understand it through the instruction they had received in the Italian language from Pietro Bachi, who taught at Harvard from 1826 to 1846.

Longfellow held his chair for nearly thirty years. Probably the idea of translating the *Divine Comedy* was suggested to him by reading the poem to his students. His partial translations soon formed an interleaved volume, which he used in his lectures. As time passed, the life and labor of the great Florentine became an increasingly weighty and intimate influence in his own intellectual life. In the forties, he began a systematic translation, starting with the *Purgatorio*. In a letter dated 1843, he speaks of the 'divine poet' with whom it was his custom to begin the day.

Longfellow's writings during the following ten years bear testimony that Dante was constantly in his mind. A sonnet which he wrote in 1848, his translation of Schelling's essay on the *Divine Comedy*, and his diary betray this. An entry in the latter on February 1, 1853, reads as follows: —

> In weariness of spirit and despair of writing anything original, I turned again to-day to dear old Dante, and resumed my translation of the *Purgatorio* where I left it unfinished in 1843. I find great delight in the work. It diffuses its benediction through the day.

In two weeks he finished *Il Purgatorio*. This was followed by a period of active, original production, and the translation of the *Divine Comedy* was interrupted for another ten years.

In 1861, Longfellow lost his beloved life-companion, and sought consolation in the *Divine Comedy*, which he compared with a vast cathedral.

> . . . I enter here from day to day,
> And leave my burden at this minster gate.

Utterly absorbed in Dante, he drew new courage from communion with him, and within a few months had completed the first draft of his translation. He spent many years revising it, taking as his motto a Scandinavian proverb carved on an oar cast up by the sea on the coast of Iceland: '*Oft war ek dasa dur ek dro thick.*' (Oft was I weary yet I brought you through.)

Lowell and Norton assisted him in his later revisions. Greene, Fields, Howells, and other friends were frequent attendants at the little weekly meetings, when he kept open house for all who wished to hear him read a canto in proof, and to share in criticizing his translation. A delightful spirit pervaded these meetings. Longfellow was greatly heartened by them, and used to say that the 'Dante Club' could write poetry on its own account.

When the six-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dante was celebrated in Florence, in 1865, four of the numerous publications presented there came from America. These were a monograph by Professor Norton on the original portraits of Dante, one of Professor Botta on Dante as a philosopher, patriot, and poet, a translation by Parsons of sixteen of Dante's cantos, and Longfellow's translation of the *Inferno*, of which he had ten copies privately printed for the occasion.

In 1867 Longellow's complete translation was published, in three volumes. Before reading it, Milman, the historian, wrote: 'We cherish great expectations of a man who has done so much

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for English poetry and has contributed so much to adorn our language.' Longfellow thought that the principal merit of his work was that he tried to say things as Dante said them, and not as a translator might imagine he would have said them had he been an Englishman. In other words, though his version was in metre, he attempted to make it as literal as if it were in prose. He printed six original sonnets, masterpieces of American verse, in Italian metre, as a preface and apologia for his work.

Longfellow's foot-notes are purely illustrative, since he believed that the function of a translator was to report what an author says, and that it should be left to commentators to discuss his meaning.

Ma solo un punto fu quel che ci vinse, —

was left equally ambiguous in the translation, —

But one point only was it that o'ercame us.

'Wherever possible, Longfellow employed expressions conveying several meanings, as did Dante, leaving it to the reader to interpret them for himself.'

Ticknor wrote to Longfellow: 'I shall always read your translation with the original ringing in my ears'; and he considered it, not the best possible, but the best probable, reproduction of Dante's thought. 'Did n't Dante himself say that no poetry can be translated?'

Longfellow himself had previously recognized the difficulty of his task, and had quoted with approval what Dante and Cervantes have said as to the impossibility of reproducing the verse-melody of one language in another tongue. He observed that the difficulty consisted principally in the *color* of the words. Is *ruscelletto gorgoglioso* equivalent to gurgling brooklet? Are *pajaros vocingleros* the same as garrulous birds? Something is lacking. But Longfellow did not try to supply its place by inventing new words or using expressions alien to the author's thought.

In translating Dante, something must be relinquished. Shall it be the beautiful rhyme that blossoms all along the lines like a honeysuckle on a hedge? It must be, in order to retain something more precious than rhyme; namely, fidelity, truth — the life of the hedge itself.

By choosing blank verse, Longfellow was able to translate Italian words more exactly; because, though the English language is poor in rhyme, and therefore not well adapted to Dante's three-verse stanzas, its wealth and flexibility lend themselves admirably to epic metre and blank-verse narrative. Milton endowed the language in these forms with the grandeur and melodious freedom of organ music. In order to show how faithfully Longfellow's translation follows the original verse by verse, and almost word by word, it is enough to cite the simile of a flock, so much admired by Macaulay, in the third canto of *Purgatorio*. It is a perfect poetical fragment in itself, extremely imaginative and picturesque, and incomparably expressed: —

As sheep come issuing forth from out the fold
By ones and twos and threes, and the others stand
Timidly, holding down their eyes and nostrils,
And what the foremost does the others do,
Huddling themselves against her, if she stop,
Simple and quiet and the wherefore know not.

Norton considered Longfellow's facility in translating poetry from foreign languages a proof of the originality of his genius. John Fiske was confident that his name always would be associated in English-speaking countries with that of the great Florentine, quoting Sainte-Beuve's, 'His will be the happy destiny never to die except with an immortal.'

The greater part of the literary re-

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mains of another American poet, Thomas William Parsons, consists of Dante translations. He was a devoted lover of the great poet all his life; and Oliver Wendell Holmes attributes his facility of style and exquisite literary art to his Dante studies.

Arriving in Italy when seventeen years old, he almost at once became absorbed in the *Divine Comedy*, and commenced to translate it verse by verse in three-verse rhyme. Later, he adopted the stanza of four verses, already successfully employed by Dryden and by Gray, which, he considered, represented better to the English ear the lingering harmony of the three-rhyme stanza. When he was twenty-four years old, in 1843, Parsons published his translation of the first ten cantos of the *Inferno*, prefacing it by his *Lines on a Bust of Dante*, which Longfellow used in his anthology and General Masi has translated into Italian.

Interrupted in his poetic labors, Parsons did not complete his translation of the *Purgatorio*, and left only a few fragments of his version of *Paradiso* in limpid, melodious, and tender verse. Longfellow ranked Parsons high for the inspiration, the insight, the splendor, the intuitive comprehension — which seemed almost a direct gift from above — that his poetry exhibits.

James Russell Lowell was beyond question the most American of Dante scholars. The fruit of his long study is preserved to us in a clear portrait of Dante, a concise appreciation of what he believed him to be, a record of his life from the critic's point of view. All his studies were original. He compared translations of Dante to wax flowers and remarked: —

> Those works which deepen and broaden the mind, which sharpen the sense of beauty, and arouse the imagination, are untranslatable — and are so in direct ratio to their greatness and power. This is particularly true of the great poets, the fire of whose genius fuses word and thought in a rich Corinthian metal which no imitation can equal.

He urged his students to confine themselves to the best books when studying any foreign literature, or, better still, to familiarize themselves thoroughly with one great author.

> The *Divine Comedy* has guided me to the little wisdom I possess. No erudition is more sterile than that which has no other end than mere erudition; but from the moment you have an object in view, attention, the mother of memory, is stimulated, and what you learn groups and arranges itself in lucid order. . . . I asked myself, what constitutes the likeness and the unlikeness between Alighieri and the classic writers of antiquity; to what extent, and how, Dante's work precedes modern literature; how much the latter owes him; how far the Italian language had already, before his day, been refined and adapted to the use of poetry and prose; how far his style was clear or his thought influenced by the authors who preceded him; whether it is a defect or a merit to be thus influenced by the thought of others, by the passions and the prejudices of your period, and of the world; in what degree that freedom of opinion which he exhibits in his references to religious doctrine is attributable to the humanizing influence of the crusades which broadened the horizon of the Occidental mind and brought it into contact with other races, religions, and social institutions. This and a hundred other questions constantly stimulated my thought and my researches, giving them an interest which undirected study — so to speak, impersonal study — would never have possessed.

Lowell loved Dante, not only as a great poet, but also as a consolation and comfort in periods of sorrow. He compared the *Divine Comedy* to a monument on the boundary line between the ancient and the modern world, to a Christian church with its pagan narthex, with its nave of puri-

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fication and with its sanctuary. He recognized how, under the touch of the poet's magic, every object was bathed in an ideal light, such as distance adds to things seen in a far landscape. 'His verse is as various as the feeling it conveys: now it has the terseness and edge of steel, and now palpitates with iridescent softness, like the breast of a dove.'

> . . . Sì lucida e sì tonda,
> Che nel suo conio nulla ci s'inforsa,

and never the highly ornamented promise to pay, token of insolvency.

Lowell had Dante in mind when he wrote: 'Misfortune makes skeptics of mediocre men'; and, a poet himself, he thus concluded an ode suggested by Giotto's fresco:—

> Ah! he who follows fearlessly
> The beckonings of a poet-heart
> Shall wander, and without the world's decree,
> A banished man in field and mart;
> Harder than Florence's walls the bar
> With which dear sternness holds him far
> From home and friends, till death's release,
> And make his only prayer for peace
> Like thine, scarred veteran of a lifelong war!

Charles Eliot Norton succeeded Longfellow and Lowell in the chair of Italian Literature at Harvard University. As early as 1859 he published an essay on Dante in the *Atlantic Monthly*. In 1867 he finished the *Vita Nuova*, which Gabriele Rossetti had started to translate into English. He printed in 1891–92 a prose version of the *Divine Comedy*, pleasing to read and fulfilling the demands of a realist age.

Norton gave the books which he had used in his study to Harvard College Library, where they form the nucleus of the Dante Society collection. This society has made it possible for Dr. Fay to publish his *Concordance*.

Other American libraries have important Dante collections. The one at Cornell University is perhaps the richest in the world in cosmopolitan literature relating to the *Divine Comedy* and its author, and in rare editions. Willard Fiske started this collection, to supply the needs of his students. The University of Pennsylvania has inherited the Italian library of Francis Macauley, which is very rich in old editions.

Lowell asserted that Dante's life and works have a meaning so profound that but few can hope to comprehend it.

The Americans, undaunted by this, are ardent students of his poems, and find them a perennial source of inspiration and insight into higher things.

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IN THE FAR EASTERN REPUBLIC

BY ORRIN KEITH

[We print below a selection from a series of interesting and informing articles upon Eastern Siberia by a correspondent, who has spent two years there. He paints a most unfavorable picture of the alleged duplicity of the local Japanese military authorities in promoting the recent Vladivostok revolution against the Chita government, as a pretext for retaining their troops in Siberia.]

From *The Japan Advertiser, July* 1, 14, 28.
(TOKYO AMERICAN DAILY)

HARBIN is Russian. In spite of its Chinese flags, its Chinese policemen, with their huge antiquated revolvers, and in spite of the thousands of Chinese who walk its streets and drive its droshkies, Harbin is Russian. Its people are Russian, its stores are Russian, their signs are Russian, its cafés are Russian, and its symphony orchestra is Russian. Yet it belongs to no Russia of to-day.

Here are representatives of every school of thought in and out of Russia. Haughty ex-colonels of the Tsar elbow their way past fevered Bolsheviki. Socialist Revolutionaries argue with Social Democrats. Cadets and peasants have each their own solutions for the grave Russian problems that must be solved in Russia. Though all are represented, the 'right' groups greatly predominate. Here in Manchuria they can indulge to their heart's content in schemes and plots, stories and rumors, hopes and aspirations, and there is none to say them nay. While some of these activities are a very real detriment to the struggling Russian governments, for the most part they are wholly without effect in Russia itself. Upon the world outside, the influence of these groups is out of all proportion to their real importance. For it is from Harbin that much of the 'news' of the Russian Far East is sent to the world's newspapers. 'It is reported,' and 'We are reliably informed,' serve as passports to carry to the world many a dream, many a thought fathered by a wish, many a groundless rumor, even many a conscienceless fabrication.

Leaving Harbin, all such things as wagons-lits, dining-cars, and other comforts of modern travel are left behind. From now on, the traveler rustles his own hot water, prepares his own meals, washes his own dishes, and makes his own bed — with his own bedding. Even so, the trip is far from uncomfortable. The cars are good, clean, and easy-riding compartment sleeping-cars, the *provodnik*, or guard, is an accommodating fellow, who is quite willing to help out when occasion demands. Good hot meals are served at many of the larger stations, canned food is sold all along the line, and being your own porter for a time is a wholesome experience. The thirty-hour ride to Manchuria Station — Manchuli, as the Chinese call it — is made quickly enough.

Manchuli is a typical border town, a sort of cross between a straggling Arizona cow-town and a moving-picture Wild West set, except for the Russians, who don't belong in either. For Manchuli, like Harbin, is a Russian settlement. Nevertheless the Chinese are active in asserting their rule. Passports are demanded on every occasion, and

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baggage is examined even more frequently.

Trains run from Manchuli to Chita only twice a week; so we had to spend two nights and a day in a hotel of which the less said the better. We were glad to leave for the train about three hours before it was scheduled to depart. This time was not too much because again there were passports to be viséd, customs examinations, tickets to be bought, baggage to be put aboard, food to be provided, etc. And if there is anything slower than the Chinese in such matters, it is a combination of Chinese and Russians.

Travel in the Far Eastern Republic comes high. From Manchuria station to Chita, a distance of about 450 versts or 300 miles, the first-class fare is rubles 39.40-gold-or-about $40 Mex. In addition to this all baggage above ten pounds is three rubles per pood, or about ten cents a pound. The cars are dilapidated, many windows broken, not over-clean, and lack all small equipment. First class closely approximates second in attractiveness, and neither is too far removed from third. Meals and bedding are provided by the traveler himself, and candles take the place of the electric lights which no longer function.

Leaving Manchuria a half hour late in the Chinese expert examination, we start across the beautiful grassy plain in the early evening. It is ideal grazing country and cattle and horses are numerous. At Station 86, merely a siding but the first stop in the territory of the Far Eastern Republic, we come into contact for the first time with officials of the new government on its own soil. They are mostly young men, business-like and reasonably courteous. Their clothes are in an advanced state of deterioration, as are those of all the people along the way. Passports are quickly examined and we go on.

Matzievskaya is the first real station on the Siberian side of the line. Just before reaching this place, we saw in the distance a troop of cavalry of the Far Eastern Republic, encamped as outposts against threatened Ungern raids. Many soldiers, in uniform but unarmed, were to be seen about the station.

The roadbed is, for the most part in good condition. The train travels along smoothly, and early morning finds us at Olovyannaya, a picturesque town on the banks of the Onon River. Here at the station are peasant women offering milk, eggs, roast chicken, white and black bread, fish, and sausage, in generous quantities and at reasonable prices. The peasants and country people generally have plenty of food, but they are sadly in need of clothes. Sacks and skirts are wonderful patchworks, and here Joseph's coat would be Ivan's breeches of many colors.

On the station bulletin board was a proclamation of the government reminding the peasants of what they had suffered under the Semionov régime; telling them that the same crowd of robbers are again threatening the peace and security of the people of the Far Eastern Republic; that, if they did attack, the people must stand by the government and the army, the same army that drove them out last year, until the bandits were again driven out and destroyed. This appeal is not without great effect upon the peasants, many of whom were members of the partisan bands that expelled Semionov and his followers last year.

There were evidences that the new nation was not unprepared for an attack from these old enemies. Just above the station was an armored train carrying a 3.7 long-range gun and cars equipped for machine-guns and riflemen. The engine, also armored like a horse in the Middle Ages, was fully coaled, and the fires were going under the boiler. On the next track was a long train, appar-

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ently of supplies, on the open cars of which were hundreds of reels of barbed wire.

Just a short while before we left, a troop train from Chita pulled in 147 cars, carrying a regiment of about 1000 men with complete field-equipment. There were horses, wagons, carriages, two motor trucks and a passenger automobile. The men were well clothed and well shod, though the most striking characteristic of their uniforms was the lack of uniformity. Their personal equipment was better. This was uniform, and much of it new. All were fully armed.

The democracy of the troops was apparent. The officers wore no distinguishing marks, though some of the higher commanders had fared better as to clothing than the privates. The soldiers were mostly young men, well set-up, cheerful, and well behaved. A talk with one of them brought out the opinion that some things were pretty hard just now, but they all understood how things were and knew that the government was doing the best it could; and they were going to stick it out until things were settled and settled right.

There was an absence of military fuss, few salutes, and these apparently between officers only; but when one company formed, the work was promptly and well done. The men showed their thorough training, and the officers know how to handle them. If the new government has many regiments like this, it is entitled to much credit on this count.

As we pulled out of Olovyannaya we passed the railway yards and repair shops. Here we counted over 30 locomotives, of which only a few were in condition to operate. Undoubtedly, many had contributed parts to the few that would run. Here also were over 100 freight cars, some in good condition, some smashed, and some burned by Semionov's men in their retreat. A very little in the way of spare parts and materials would equip the new republic with a very good working railroad, and yet that little is so hard to get. A start is being made however; for later we saw several cars which had been recently renovated and were in as good condition as could be desired.

From the hills around Olovyannaya the road runs on, across rolling grassy plains, decked with wild flowers, dotted with herds of horses, cattle, and some camels. At Buriatskaya we pick up a second engine, and start over the first spur of the Yablonoi Mountains. Long winding curves, horseshoe curves, and bowknot curves follow one upon another, and we are soon in the forest country that constitutes one of the chief assets of the new republic. From Baikal to Nertchinsk stretch the pine forests from which vast quantities of lumber will soon be shipped to all parts of the world.

From Karimskaya the trip up the Ingoda River to Chita is delightful. The river winds through a fertile valley between heavily wooded hills, and the scene is one of ever-changing beauty. About eight o'clock we could discern against the setting sun the domes and tower of Chita, the capital of the Far Eastern Republic. Much to our disappointment we found that we had anticipated our own telegrams sent from various points along the road, and that our rooms would not be available for two days. We were taken to 'the best hotel in town,' a description which speaks volumes for the others. Our room represented a half-hearted attempt to keep clean a much-worn room and more-worn furniture. Of the beds and other accommodations, let silence speak. Chita's really good hotel is now a charred wreck, its last service having been as domicile for Semionov's general staff.

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Chita is still under a mild form of martial law. Cameras are objects of suspicion, and no one is allowed to be on the streets after midnight. Otherwise there is nothing in the general appearance and atmosphere of the place to indicate anything abnormal. There are many men in uniform — or perhaps one should say quasi-uniform — about the streets, but of armed guards only a few. Policemen are nowhere to be seen. The government buildings have a few armed men on guard at the door, but nowhere is there any show of force. What precautions are taken are directed against a possible attempt at a coup or disturbance by irresponsible men who might be incited by outside influence.

Chita has a number of large and imposing buildings. The building which housed the Constituent Assembly and, later, the Government occupies a whole block. It has a white-tile exterior, is of good design and might well pass for a large department store in a thriving mid-Western city. The ministry might be a first-class European hotel. There are several fine churches and a Jewish synagogue keeping watch over the city from the hilltop.

The streets are unpaved, and will make excellent mud-holes when it rains. Therefore, most of the male population wear knee-boots. The women must remain at home in wet weather, for they all seem to have a fancy for very high-heeled, low-cut shoes. The people are generally well dressed and some quite stylishly. There is no evidence of the poverty of clothing which exists along the railroad line. Pongee suits, white flannels, duck skirts are all sufficiently common to attract no attention, and an occasional gentleman in evening dress adds evidence that this is not so radical a country that all such things have been frowned out of existence.

The stores in the business part of the city have a good variety of wares, but their stocks are small, sometimes pitifully so. Shoe-stores and clock-stores seem to predominate, but there is one large and apparently well-supplied department store. In the lower end of the town are the booths of the Chinese merchants, lined up to form the streets of a good-sized market. Here almost every sort of manufactured goods is for sale, at fairly high prices. This market is busy indeed. The streets about it are filled with the droshkies of the peasants and the horses of the Buriats who welcome the opportunity to procure the small manufactured articles and piece goods of which they have been so long deprived, and take advantage of the market to dispose of their agricultural products.

The old Tsarist gold and silver coins serve as the principal medium of exchange. The gold ruble can be bought for about one dollar Mex., and it in turn will buy three rubles in 10-, 15- and 20- kopeck silver coins. There are few one-ruble pieces and 50- kopeck pieces, so the price of a dinner is a heavy load.

The price of the dinner is not high in itself. Food is plentiful and served in huge portions. A good three course dinner at the best restaurant is R3.75. That is about $1.25 Mex., or half that in American money. To this must be added ten per cent for serving-fee. This ten per cent is found on all hotel and restaurant bills, and takes the place of tips, which are abolished by common consent.

Entertainment is plentiful, cheap, and of first-rate quality. Two large public gardens, each with its brass band and its outdoor theatre, draw large crowds every evening. Operetta, dancing and music — good music — offer satisfying fare to the music-starved visitor from Peking. A performance of 'The Geisha,' except for its very Russian-looking Japanese, was excellently done. The

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scenery was very acceptable, the solo parts well taken, and the chorus superb.

Of outdoor sport there is little. Golf, baseball, football, even tennis, are not provided for in the daily round of these serious people of the North. The lover of outdoors, however, will find no end of delight in the pine-clad hills which surround the city. Many a pleasant afternoon can be spent in walks or rides through these hills. The pine trees run right down into the outskirts of the city, and the clean little log-cottages nestling under them suggest strongly the possibilities of Chita and the surrounding country as a future summer resort for the sweltering rich of Tientsin and Shanghai. No more delightful climate could be found, in which to laze through the summer months.

It is as well, however, that no venturesome families pack up and come this way as yet; for until Chita's housing facilities catch up with its rapidly increasing population, there will be little chance for a pleasant summer. So crowded is every available building, that the government has been forced to establish control over the use of rooms, and to require those who have more room than necessary to take in others who would otherwise be homeless. A government bureau issues orders to persons who must stay in the city, and these orders entitle them to occupy any room which they find vacant. House-owners can avoid undesirable tenants by finding desirable ones, as orders issued on the mutual request of the two parties take precedence over all others so far as the house in question is concerned. The arrangement, therefore, works no greater hardship on householders than the necessities of the occasion require.

Once provided with one of these mutual-consent orders, and comfortable quarters assured, a month or two in Chita holds out a pleasing prospect.

All colors of the rainbow are assigned to the Chita Government, from the deep red of Bolshevism, through the light pink of Socialist Democracy and the yellow of Japanese influence, to the sombre blue of Jewish hegemony. If one is content to make a superficial examination, it is possible to find, shortly after arrival in Chita, a semblance of evidence to support almost any preconceived opinion except that of Japanese domination. This most positively does not exist. Every government official and every private individual one talks with betrays deep resentment at Japan's whole course of conduct toward the people of Siberia. The idea that the Far Eastern Republic is now, or is likely to be in the near future, a buffer state under the influence of Japan need not detain us.

With Russia the case is entirely different. It is obvious that the Far Eastern Republic, with a population of less than 2,000,000 people scattered over a wide territory and almost entirely without industrial or commercial development, cannot exist against the will of two such neighbors as Japan, with her 60,000,000 people on one side, and Russia, with her 150,000,000, on the other. Its existence will necessarily depend either upon the good-will of both or upon the interest of one in its continued existence being sufficient to check the determination of the other to destroy it.

The people of Eastern Siberia are Russian by birth, and no less so by association and sentiment. Their natural inclination to friendly relations with the mother-country has been developed to the point of necessity by the efforts of Japan to secure military and political control over their country. Japan's ambition has driven the people of the new republic to seek counsel and assistance from Russia. That Russia has responded, there can be little question. The new Russia is opposed to imperial-

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ism. In her present temper she offers no menace to the people of any other country, least of all to the peoples of the Far East. The renunciation of the old imperialistic ambitions, however, does not mean that she will choose to stand idly by and see her own interests injured, her commercial future destroyed, and her territory occupied by other nations which still cling to the imperialistic view of world politics.

Eighteen years ago Japan astonished the world by going to war with the Russian Empire, and justified her action by showing that the success of Russia's efforts to control Korea would threaten the national existence of Japan. 'Korea in Russian hands would be a dagger pointed at the heart of Japan.' The world sympathized with Japan, and that sympathy, expressed in terms of moral and financial support, was in no small measure responsible for her successful conclusion of the war.

To-day Japan is not pointing a dagger at the heart of Russia, but she has her fingers on Russia's throat. Her control of Vladivostok, the terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway and the only port of Siberia, is slowly strangling the Russian people east of the Urals, and is a burden with which the mere menace of Russian control of Korea cannot for a moment be compared. In other words Japan's success in 1905 and her policy since that time have conspired with recent events in Europe to reverse the situation of eighteen years ago, and to make Japan on the mainland a far more serious menace to Russia than Russia ever could have been to Island Japan.

Therefore must Russia respond to the call for assistance from east of Baikal. Economic necessity demands that Eastern Siberia shall not remain in the hands of the Japanese. All the forces of sentiment, traditional enmity, international politics and economic interest are, therefore, united to bring Russia to the support of the Far Eastern Republic.

Does this mean that the Far Eastern Republic is a 'camouflaged democracy' or a 'cat's-paw for the Soviet'? Does it mean that the Republic is really a communistic government masquerading as a democracy for present purposes? Several things have been pointed out to lend color to this point of view. It is stated that the men who constitute the new government are not Siberians, but men who have been sent to the Far East to run this Republic in the interests of the Soviet power at Moscow; that, while the Far Eastern Republic has no money to pay its ministers, or soldiers, or workers, these men live in luxury at a beautiful resort called Malakovka about eight miles from Chita, where they entertain lavishly and generally conduct themselves in a manner wholly unbecoming the leaders of an infant nation; that the majority of them are Jews, whose ultimate aim is to reduce the real Russians to the conditions under which they themselves suffered during the Tsar's régime.

First, consider the claim that the government is a sort of 'envoyocracy,' made up of men sent out from Russia to guide the infant republic in the way that Moscow would have it go. The extent to which the names of Krasnochekoff, Yourin, and Shatov have figured in the news of Siberia has tended to obscure the fact that they are by no means the whole government. A bird's-eye view of the government may help to put this matter in its proper proportions.

According to the constitution, the supreme power of the state is vested in the people, who exercise this power through a National Assembly composed of representatives elected by universal secret ballot, one to each 15,000 people, for a term of two years. This Assembly in turn elects the Government, consisting of seven members, which has in

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general the powers enjoyed by the President of the United States. The Government appoints the ministry, or cabinet, now composed of 15 members. It is perhaps the first attempt to apply the commission form of government on a national scale.

Krasnochekoff is President, not of the Republic, but of the Government, although this position makes him the figurehead for the nation. He is a young man, perhaps 35, who emigrated from his birthplace, Kieff, to the United States about 16 years ago. He went to Chicago, and worked at his trade of painter and decorator to earn his living. Incidentally, he edited a Russian paper, organized a Workers' Institute, at which he lectured on politics and economics after the Marxian fashion, and studied law. He was later admitted to the bar and practised for two years, when the news of the Russian Revolution reached him. He started for Russia immediately, *via* San Francisco, and landed at Vladivostok in July, 1917. He immediately threw himself into the work of organizing Soviets to support the Revolution, a work for which his experience and training in America had admirably fitted him.

From that time to the present he has been a marked man. His adventures during the Kolchak régime and since make a thrilling story, but it would be out of place here. A year ago he was issuing proclamations as the provisional President of the 'Far Eastern Republic,' at a time when his adherents controlled only a strip of territory between Verkhne-Udinsk and Lake Baikal. He it was who made a reality of the buffer-state idea; he it was who extended its territory from Baikal to the sea; he it is who awaits unperturbed the time when Vladivostok, the 'Ruler of the East,' shall also enter the fold.

It is wholly fitting that he should have been chosen by the first Government of the new Republic to be its head. And this in spite of the fact that he is not Siberian-born. He has worked to the point of physical exhaustion for the Russian people of the Far East for the last five years. While not born in Siberia, it is the only part of Russia in which he has passed any of the years of his maturity. Whatever may be his feelings toward Moscow, he has not been there since the Revolution, and cannot rightly be considered an envoy from those who there hold the reins of power.

If he were that, his vote in the Government is of no greater weight than that of each of the six other members. These six are Siberians.

Sunday, we made a trip to Malakovka, where several members of the government temporarily reside. We journeyed on horseback and in what the natives call an 'equipage,' giving the word the full French pronunciation. These equipages give the passenger excellent exercise. There is no back to the seat, no handle or rod of any kind to hold on by, and the smooth worn leather of the cushions affords no sense of security from below. The vehicle is drawn by two horses, and it is the chief delight of the driver to keep them going at full gallop over roads which afford in every mile all the hazards of a 'sporty' golf course.

Malakovka owes its meagre existence to the presence of two springs whose cold waters are strongly impregnated with iron. Except for these there is nothing to distinguish it from a score of places of similar beauty along the way. It is an old summer haunt of the Chitans, and contains about a dozen little square unpainted cottages. A more unpretentious place could hardly be imagined, and our eyes searched through the surrounding trees to catch a glimpse of the stately mansions of the favored ministers. We pulled up in front of one of the cottages, a little larger than the

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rest and distinguished from them by a large porch. This we were informed was the President's house. It was the most pretentious in the place, but that is not saying much. An inventory of the furniture netted one square table and four wooden benches! Just enough to serve a picnic lunch with a small measure of comfort.

A few yards up the hill is the home of the Premier. It is one of the smallest of Malakovka's tiny houses, and while it fares better than the President's in the quantity of its furniture, the quality is the same. Here the Premier is recovering his strength after an attack of typhoid fever, and only occasionally goes into Chita. Not only does the tiny cottage accommodate him and his family, but its hospitality is sufficiently large to find room for the wife of the Assistant Minister of Foreign Affairs.

It is not true that the government of the Far Eastern Republic is in the hands of the Jews. Its President, to be sure, is a Jew, and three of his numerous associates in office are of that race. One of these is the Minister of Transport, who lived for ten years in the United States. While recent statistics do not exist, and old ones are more or less useless, it is quite certain that the Jewish element in the government is less than the Jewish element in the population.

This fundamental question remains, however. Driven by Japanese aggression into the arms of Soviet Russia, is not the new Republic bound to become Communist, however loudly it may proclaim its democracy?

I do not believe so. The Siberian is more intelligent, and a greater lover of liberty, than his Russian brother. He is more watchful of his own interest, less liable to be led astray by catchwords or fine-spun political theories. He has considered Communism, its advantages and its disadvantages. A determined effort was made in the Constituent Assembly to make the new Republic Communist, and the Siberians fought out the issue then and there. They recognized the appeal of the Communist argument against exploitation of labor by capital, and attempted to secure themselves against such exploitation by nationalizing the land and all other natural resources, and providing in the Constitution that the 'fundamental and general principle of the right to work on the land is personal labor.' This simply means that whoever wants to use the land will hold title thereto under the state, just as we do in America; but, unlike America, nobody can hold land out of use for speculative purposes.

Further than this the Siberian peasant would not go in the direction of Communism. Little interested as his representatives were in the more involved problems of governmental forms, anxious as they were to return to their homes and their fields, they conceded much on all points but this. Here they stood firm. 'The institution of private property is preserved; all citizens and private companies are guaranteed the inviolability of their movable and immovable properties and estates, subject to the restrictions of the fundamental laws.'

The Far Eastern Republic will not choose Communism, because all but a small proportion of its people are private land-owners, and their temper is unalterably opposed to the fundamental thesis of Communism. But is not the necessity of leaning upon Soviet Russia liable to be used by the latter to force Communism upon the Siberians? Again, no. And for a reason which goes far in itself to preserve the present form of the democracy even against local efforts to turn it into the paths of Communism.

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In order to gain control of the political power in Russia, the Bolsheviki embraced the political tenets of the most extreme Left. These tenets were of the extreme Left both politically and economically. The control once safely in their hands, and the country so organized as to preserve that control, the Bolsheviki were confronted with the necessity of reconciling workable political tenets with wholly unworkable economic tenets. The whole internal strategy of the present Russian administration has been to shift toward the Right in administrative and economic matters as rapidly as possible, without giving its more radical followers an opportunity to break away and lead a new revolt against them on the pretext of their having become 'counter-revolutionary.'

In this strategy a Russian community, in its general social make-up not unlike Russia itself, functioning successfully while preserving the institution of private property, its people better off economically speaking than those of European Russia, is of far more importance than the nominal control over, or the extension of demonstratedly unworkable economic doctrines over a stretch of territory small in proportion to that already under Soviet rule. In other words, the political situation in Russia itself, the necessity under which its rulers find themselves of shifting to the Right economically while holding to the Left politically, ensures the Far Eastern Republic against any attempt on the part of the Russian Communists to inject their doctrines into the governmental organism of a people to whom those doctrines are wholly unacceptable.

The Government of the Far Eastern Republic comes as near being under the control of the people whom it governs as any of the accepted democracies of the world to-day. There is only one considerable force working to change this condition. That is the Japanese army. That army cannot conquer and hold Eastern Siberia. If it insists upon trying, it will simply succeed in bringing upon itself a counter-stroke from Russia which will be as disastrous to it as its own desperate blow in 1905 was to the Russian ambitions of those days.

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MORE DIPLOMATIC MEMOIRS. I

[*Freiherr von Schoen, German Ambassador at Paris at the outbreak of the war, has recently published his memoirs under the title,* Erlebtes. *They give an account, through German eyes, of events in Paris contemporary with those described by Jules and Paul Cambon at Berlin and London in our issues of August* 6 *and August* 13. *In them, the Ambassador vigorously denounces the fact that Germany's declaration of war was accompanied by the false charge that French aviators had attacked Nuremburg. This review is from the Vienna* Neue Freie Presse *of June* 28. *It is followed by a review of Take Jonescu's* Souvenirs, *just published at Paris. This Liberal leader and former Premier of Rumania was a prominent partisan of the Entente during the war. The second review is from the Rome Liberal daily,* La Tribuna, *of July* 19.]

I

BISMARCK describes, in his *Thoughts and Memories*, how he became a diplomat. In reply to an abrupt inquiry by Minister Manteuffel whether he would accept a post as envoy of the Federation, he promptly replied, 'Yes.' The King observed to him at the time of his audience: 'You show great courage in accepting an unfamiliar office so unceremoniously.' Bismarck replied: 'The courage is all on your side, Your Majesty, in entrusting such a post to me. I cannot know whether the task exceeds my capacity until I have tried it. If I believe I am not competent to fill this position, I shall be the first to ask to be relieved of it. I have the courage to obey when Your Majesty commands.'

Bismarck had no reason to regret his bold decision, and his ruler and his Fatherland were later thankful that he made it. Indeed, real courage was necessary to assume the responsibilities resting upon a conscientious diplomat during the recent critical years in Europe. Good citizens discussed sagely our foreign policies and were puffed up with the idea that they controlled them; but they merely did the talking, while others did the doing. They were not the leaders but the led. Grave and critical decisions were made by a few men, who worked in secret, behind a thick veil which the public gaze could not pierce. The World War has opened the eyes of the people to their helplessness, and made them demand that secret diplomacy shall end. They would make it impossible in the future for a few individuals to invoke such disasters upon unsuspecting nations. Bitter are the charges brought against our diplomats, and they are held mainly guilty of the crime of our late war.

It is true that their influence was important; for they knew the secret things that were going on behind the scenes, the tendencies and antipathies which were shaping the destiny of mankind. But among these diplomats there were, most assuredly, sane, conscientious men, who labored honestly to avert the tempest and preserve peace. If there were Isvolskis demanding 'my war,' there were others laboring to prevent war.

One of these guardians of peace, these champions of good-will, was Freiherr von Schoen, who served in turn as Germany's Minister of Foreign Affairs, and her Ambassador at Paris. He now tells us what he saw and did during the fifteen years before the crisis. He is a modest man, reserved in language. There is not a boastful sentence or self-conscious phrase in his pages. He is a German diplomat, who did his duty and reports it modestly.

Our lives are often made by accident. Freiherr von Schoen was a Hessian, the

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son of a bourgeois factory owner. His early ambition was to become a gentleman farmer. When the war against France broke out, in 1870, he was seized with the prevalent enthusiasm and joined a Darmstadt regiment as a volunteer. After hostilities were over, he remained in the service. Having by chance been attached to the embassy at Madrid, he drifted into a diplomatic career. From Spain he was transferred to Denmark, and thence to Petrograd.

It was a most unexpected experience, to find himself, on August 3, 1914, Ambassador at Paris, bidden to deliver Germany's declaration of war to France. He certainly did not foresee defeat; for his country's victorious career had been unbroken during his fifty years of military and public life. But it is the fate of the German people to be recalled repeatedly to the starting-point, only to outstrip each time their previous record. Treitschke opened his history with these words: 'The German nation, in spite of its ancient traditions, is the youngest of European peoples. Twice it has been restored to youth; twice it has passed through the struggle of refounding its political power and rebuilding its free institutions.'

Now we must start over for a third time to erect a new structure on a new foundation. Freiherr von Schoen has many interesting things to tell us of the incidents immediately preceding this last great change.

Naturally, Wilhelm II holds the centre of the stage. Many are the portraits drawn of him, and marvelously different are their outlines. Party hatred and party loyalty have portrayed him in the most contrasting forms and colors. Freiherr von Schoen emphasizes the active share which the Kaiser took in the country's foreign policy. He insisted upon knowing all that was going on and upon approving or rejecting every important measure. But though he was accustomed, as a ruler, to give precedence to his own ideas and wishes, he was by no means inaccessible to contrary opinions. He repeatedly modified his plans in response to advice, or even reversed them.

The Kaiser had an unusually marked personality. In many respects he was very talented. In others he had the spirit of a child. Taken broadly, he was a man of generous, impulsive emotions rather than of cool calculation and superior understanding. He was filled with a serious desire to administer his high office in obedience to both divine and human law. He was a man of noble ideals, confident that strength would be granted him to convert them into realities. He was sensitive, quick of comprehension, with a remarkable memory; fatally facile in speech and writing; well-grounded in some fields of science and superficial in many others; free of antiquated prejudices, and yet a believer in Divine Grace; prone to hasty decisions, and yet at times timid and hesitating; for the most part confident that what he did was right, but occasionally oppressed with doubts and self-reproach.

Many errors regarding the career of the last Hohenzollern ruler are corrected in this volume. What a sensation Wilhelm's visit to Tangier in March, 1905, created! Many thought it was an act of personal policy. Freiherr von Schoen, who was personally conversant with the whole affair, contradicts this. The monarch made his Tangier visit with many misgivings. He did not design to make his Mediterranean trip a political demonstration. It was the Imperial Chancellor who gave it that turn. Even at the last moment, the visit was almost canceled. The Kaiser learned that the streets were too narrow to admit a vehicle, and did not wish to mount an unfamiliar horse. He learned also, during the journey, that it was difficult to land at Tangier when the east winds made the unprotected harbor rough. So he vacillated. He

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wanted to avoid a demonstration, and later regretted that he did not persist in his original refusal to land.

Our author also punctures the myth that the Kaiser opposed the appointment of Mr. Hill as American Ambassador to Berlin, because that gentleman was not wealthy. Quite the reverse. He caused Washington to be informed that the gentleman suggested would be very welcome, in case the President should select him. When Mr. Hill arrived later, he had no reason to complain of his reception.

The *Daily Telegraph's* interview with the Kaiser created a tremendous sensation. For weeks its echoes resounded throughout the world, and caused a serious crisis in Germany itself. Freiherr von Schoen was at this time at the head of the Foreign Office. He describes the incident as follows. On October 11, 1908, about seven o'clock in the evening, the Imperial Chancellor summoned him for an interview. The official who brought the message handed him at the same time a small document in a closed portfolio, with the remark that it was a private matter which the Imperial Chancellor reserved for his own consideration. Freiherr von Schoen had no opportunity to examine the contents, and handed the document to his chief, Prince von Bülow, with a remark to that effect. The paper was the manuscript of the *Daily Telegraph* interview.

A little more than two weeks later, the secretary was surprised to receive a telegram from the chief of the Press Division, reporting the publication of the article in a London newspaper, with the inquiry whether the Wolff Bureau might put it on the wires. Freiherr von Schoen wrote on the margin of the manuscript, with a red pencil, 'No.' The article, however, had already reached Berlin and become public; so the secretary had to let events take their course. The sensational remarks which the Kaiser had let drop to an English host in the autumn of 1907 were intended to promote a better understanding between Germany and Great Britain. A draft of the article had been submitted to the Kaiser, who had passed it on to Prince von Bülow, who was at that time resting at Nordeney. The Chancellor sent the manuscript to the Foreign Office to be examined, but his orders were wrongly transmitted and misunderstood. Instead of giving an opinion as to its probable political effect, the Foreign Office merely reported as to the accuracy of its facts. Truly an odd series of mischances!

Freiherr von Schoen describes at length his experiences as Ambassador to Petrograd, as Secretary of State at Berlin, and as Ambassador in Paris, where he assumed his official duties in 1910. He arrived in France filled with the best hopes and intentions. He was honestly eager to be a conciliator, and to remove the sentimental and intellectual barriers which separated the two neighbors. In his remarks at the time of his formal reception by President Fallières, he used the term, 'friendly and neighborly relations.' It was a well-meant and promising overture.

Proposals were already in the air for intimate coöperation between Germany and France, in the spirit of the Morocco agreement, which had been concluded at the time the new Ambassador was Secretary of State at Berlin. But the political horizon, so bright in the beginning, speedily became overcast. France undertook a military expedition to Fez; and Germany sent the gunboat Panther to Agadir, without previously notifying Freiherr von Schoen of her intentions. For weeks Europe was on the verge of war. Germany began to feel the pressure of Great Britain's encircling policy. However, the matter

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was settled through negotiations; for the Caillaux Cabinet, which was intent upon establishing a better footing with Germany, avoided extreme action.

However, this friendly ministry soon fell, and with Raymond Poincaré's rise to power, chauvinism was in the saddle. The new Premier declared that France would never tolerate a second Agadir; and when he was elected President of the Republic, an era of reaction began. The Balkan War brought forth a new period of agitation and tension, during which England and France quietly concluded the agreements which, though they never constituted an alliance, created a firm tie between the two nations. A craze for heavy armaments added still further to Europe's perils. Freiherr von Schoen addressed Minister Barthou, seeking some formula for peaceful coöperation. But the head of the French Cabinet nipped this hope in the bud, by declaring that Alsace-Lorraine must be restored before the two countries could be friends.

Then came the fatal year 1914, with the assassination at Serajevo, and the sharp ultimatum of the Vienna government to Serbia. The latter was a surprise for the German Ambassador in Paris; for the previous day his Austrian colleague had informed him that his government's demands would be acceptable to its southern neighbor. The crisis occasioned by the annexation of Bosnia and Hérzegovina occurred when von Schoen was at the head of the Berlin Foreign Office. Baron Aehrenthal, the Austrian Foreign Minister, saw him a month before and informed him of his plan. Vienna anticipated no difficulties from Russia. 'The bear will growl and snarl, but will not bite.' Isvolsky also called on von Schoen, complaining of Aehrenthal's adventurous plans, which he thought due to that gentleman's personal ambition. During this critical period, the Russian minister made a second visit to Berlin in a vain effort to persuade Germany to break with her ally.

This time, however, conditions were different. After the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, the situation instantly became serious. Germany's efforts to localize the war were regarded at Paris as an effort to prevent the great powers from using their influence at Vienna. Our endeavors to pacify Petrograd were taken for a bold manœuvre to destroy the alliance between France and Russia. Mutual suspicions were too deep to be overcome. All efforts of the German Ambassador proved fruitless. Freiherr von Schoen points out that Russia had been prepared for war for several months. He quotes from the minutes of a Crown Council, held a considerable period before the catastrophe: 'The time for gaining our goal approaches. We can attain our objects only by war. It is the duty of the Foreign Minister to arrange that we shall fight it under the most favorable conditions,'

France as well as Russia was secretly preparing for the coming conflict. Huge supplies of flour had been assembled at Paris the previous winter. Governor-General Michel reported in January, 1914: 'Time presses. We do not know but that we may be forced to mobilize in March or April.' Switzerland was also offered grain-supplies. France was not seeking war, but it saw the day for settling the Alsace question drawing nearer.

In this atmosphere events in Austria quickly assumed a serious aspect. On July 31, von Schoen was instructed to inform the French Premier that Russia's mobilization had compelled Germany to declare a state of danger of war, and that mobilization would be inevitable if the Tsar did not recall his threatening measures. The Ambassador was to inquire whether France would

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remain neutral in case of a conflict between Germany and Russia. The next day Viviani replied briefly: France will do what her interests dictate. He could not be induced to clarify this vague remark. In the afternoon of August 3, von Schoen received a cipher telegram from the Imperial Chancellor, indicating that the matter it dealt with was important; but so garbled only fragments could be deciphered. It contained a declaration of war. Viviani received this without any appearance of surprise or perturbation, as if it were something long expected. The die was cast. The Ambassador of conciliation left his land of illusion.

The author concludes this book with a new discussion of the old question as to who was responsible for the war. He is not temperamentally prone to violent passions, inclined to challenging or bullying policies, or disposed to exaggeration and prejudiced opinions. He describes events objectively, discusses nations and individuals calmly, just as he performed the duties of his office. His final judgment is: All in all, Germany is not free from guilt, but she is not responsible in the sense or in the degree commonly charged against her. Our country blundered and failed, not so much because she did not want peace, as because she lacked steady and resolute leadership. Like all other governments, she had counted on the possibility of war and armed against such an event; but she did not seek war outright or purposely invite one, as her enemies charge. Summarizing this opinion, the diplomat says: 'The war was not the child of any ruler's brain. It was not the outcome of the acts and omissions of any single nation. It was the tragic fruit of elemental impulses among peoples, of long-standing hostilities between governments, which we lacked leaders great enough and able enough to accommodate peaceably.'

II

A true and complete history of the World War cannot be written by its contemporaries. Rumania's leading statesman, who feels compelled by a sense of duty to lay his testimony before the tribunal of the world's conscience, says: 'To comprehend this event, it will be necessary to be separated from it by a period of time.' None the less, this statesman is able to give us evidence of unusual weight regarding the real responsibility for the war. Particularly significant are the conversations upon public affairs, which he had at different times with Count Berchtold, the Vienna Foreign Minister, who delivered the ultimatum to Serbia, with Count Aehrenthal, a predecessor in that office, and with Kiderlen-Waechter, the veteran Foreign Minister at Berlin.

Here is his portrait of the first of these gentlemen: 'A handsome man, whose appearance became his office, well-groomed, suave, very courteous and . . .' But that is sufficient. No other description would befit Count Berchtold.

When he visited Sinaia, our famous Carpathian resort, to see the King, I was making an automobile trip through Northern Italy. A telegram reached me at Venice. It was from a friend, stating that it would be agreeable were I to visit Vienna. . . . I understood at once that my King, foreseeing an early change in the Cabinet, desired me to become personally acquainted with the new director of Austria's foreign policy.

I advised Berchtold of my wish to see him, and he returned to the capital from the country expressly to receive me.

We talked for an hour or more. During the conversation I referred to Austria's naval programme. I said: 'Why do you want a powerful navy? You don't own and you never will own colonies. Your overseas trade will never be of vital importance. Why then do you want a great fleet? If you

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are building against Italy, I assure you that you are making a serious mistake. Under no circumstances can you compete with Italy on the sea, not only because that country will always be your superior there, but also because in that event Italy will ally herself with France and England, and your dreadnaughts will never leave harbor.'

Count Berchtold explained to me — what I already surmised — that Austria was strengthening her navy at the demand of Germany, and that the time would come when the united sea power of the two countries would exceed that of England. He admitted that England might build ships faster than the two Central Powers together, but he was convinced that the English could not raise men to man so large a fleet.

I listened with astonishment to this Foreign Minister of a great power, who did not appreciate that England would resort to compulsory service the moment she found herself unable to otherwise man her navy, because she would, under no circumstances, permit herself to fall behind Germany.

Jonescu relates some very interesting remarks by Aehrenthal, which the latter made to him a few months before his death. He tells us that, though the Austrian Minister's mind was perfectly clear, he experienced great difficulty in speaking, and stuttered badly.

The Count was intensely exasperated by his controversy with Archduke Ferdinand. He said to me: 'There are people in my country who blame me for preventing a war with Italy. They assert that Italy will never agree with us, and therefore it would be better to settle our reckoning with her now. But I am convinced I have acted wisely. Even though Italy may never fight shoulder to shoulder with us, we would have acted wrongly and unwisely in attacking her when she was engaged elsewhere.'

Aehrenthal, who was an absolutist and a reactionary, had always been opposed to Take Jonescu on the questions at issue between Hungary and Rumania. Consequently, the latter was much surprised to find that the old statesman had changed his mind, and that he had become almost a republican. Aehrenthal said to him: 'See here. France has refuted absolutely all my theories. The French Republic has pursued an excellent foreign policy with undeniable success. Just consider her diplomacy. The whole diplomatic corps of Germany and Austria together is n't worth the trio of the two Cambon brothers and Barrère, to say nothing of the rest of them.'

'How's that!' I replied. 'Are you Count Aehrenthal, who say such things to me here at the Ballplatz, with the portraits of Metternich and Kaunitz looking down on us!'

'I am he. Life has its lessons for all of us!'

According to the testimony of the Rumanian statesman, whose patriotism and whose loyalty to the Entente are above question, the man least of all responsible for our great catastrophe, and more than that, the sincerest champion of a pacifist policy, was the late German Foreign Minister, Kiderlen-Waechter. For some ten years he and Take Jonescu were intimate friends. They had an opportunity to become closely acquainted and to know each other's excellencies and defects.

First of all, Kiderlen was a man of great intellect. He had one of those intellects which are an ornament to the human race. And with him the intellect was nearly everything. I do not mean that he lacked heart. Quite the contrary. But one can say without injustice that he was not governed by sentiment. He was not an idealist. He was, first and foremost, a man of clear, comprehensive, and practical intellectual insight.

It should be known that Kiderlen enjoyed extraordinary liberty of action. He would not flatter any one for personal reasons. For him it was the same to be the friend of the Kaiser as to be the friend of any other man. Kiderlen stood erect before his monarch, with an independence of mind

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which made him refuse definitely to accept certain conditions it was desired to impose upon him soon after his appointment as Foreign Minister. His reply to such suggestions was: 'I shall assume this office to run it as I personally think right, or I shall not accept it.'

Kiderlen remarked to me during a conversation which we had in 1911: 'So long as I am alive and hold my present position in the government, there will be no war between Germany and England. If he [the Kaiser] ever disposes otherwise, he will have to get another Minister. I will not subordinate my conscience to any person.'

He resigned his post as Ambassador to Rumania to become Minister of Foreign Affairs. A few days before he left Bucharest, we took a walk together as was our custom. He disclosed to me at that time what he planned as to Germany's relations with France. 'I have told him [the Kaiser] that all our efforts to make an alliance with France are predestined to failure. It is impossible to win the friendship of France. I know as well as any person in the world that France wants peace and will never attack us. Of that I am perfectly convinced. But I also know that if another power should attack us, no government could prevent France from attacking us also. For this reason, I have advised him [the Kaiser] to renounce all his plans regarding Morocco. So long as the Morocco question is unsettled, we shall have England ranged on the side of France.'

'You know that I sincerely wish peace. We have nothing to gain by a victory and, in case we fail, we shall lose much. Time is working on our side. Every ten years adds to our strength as compared with that of our rivals. You cannot conceive what a prodigious force our national economic expansion is. What object have we in fighting? We have no need to go to war. We do not want to go to war, and if we do not provoke a war, no one will attack us. The Republican government of France is essentially pacifist. The English do not want war. So far as Russia is concerned, she cannot measure arms with us with any prospect of success.'

On my way back from Brussels, I stopped at Berlin to call on my friend Kiderlen. Our conversation turned upon the relations between Germany and England. He repeated to me again that he wanted to reach an agreement with that country.

'But if you wish an agreement with England,' I said, 'why don't you have some tacit understanding regarding your navy? You're too intelligent not to know that England will never permit herself to be outranked by Germany.'

'I want to arrange for precisely the settlement of which you speak, but I have not succeeded,' he replied with evident bitterness. 'I have argued just what you are arguing. I have said these things to Tirpitz.'

'And then?'

'I have not been able to convince him.'

'But the Kaiser?'

'He sides with Tirpitz.'

Then he repeated his assurance that, in spite of all opposition, he was doing everything to reach an agreement with England.

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THE EVOLUTION OF WORLD PEACE

[*The following article is a review of a collection of essays entitled* The Evolution of World Peace, *edited by F. S. Marvin.*]

From *The London Times Literary Supplement, July* 21

THIS volume, which raises a host of interesting and some ultimate questions organizes an appeal to history for a verdict as to the goal of human evolution, with the aid of a number of able writers and students, some conspicuous for their knowledge, others for their idealism, and all deeply concerned for the welfare of the League of Nations — our great contemporary adventure in the better organization of world-politics. Evolution goes its own pace — a very slow one; and though it is true that the hand of man is now on the steering-wheel, there is little reason to suppose that his foot is on the accelerator. *Festina lente* is a good motto in every department of affairs, and of all achievements deserving our pursuit, peace is the last that can be taken with a run. The material conditions, the attitude of mind favorable to it cannot be too frequently studied, and we can imagine nothing more helpful than the organization of conferences and symposia, where persons of influence may exchange views and, temporarily breathing an atmosphere saturated with this greatest of all projects, emerge to spread abroad a contagion of sanity and good-will.

But there is a distinction between the written and the spoken word. The effect of the essays Mr. Marvin has collected, when they were delivered as lectures at Woodbrooke, must have been quite different from that of the cold print before us. In their published form they bid for permanence and provoke a kind of criticism which else would not arise. Does a publication of this kind, we have been led to wonder, advance the interests of the League? Does it, above all, make a clear enough demarcation between the spirit of inquiry and the desire of the ideal? It gives us, on the one hand, sketches of great periods of history, — the Pax Romana, the Papacy of Innocent III, the French Revolution, the Settlement of Vienna, — endeavoring to explain each of these periods in the light of the ideal of peace which was in different ways common to them all, and to suggest why the failure of its accomplishment in the past is no proof of its impossibility in the future. That could not be done in twenty pages, and, knowing it could not, the authors seem to have suffered discouragement, and one after another to have lost their way. It gives us, on the other hand, certain general ideas as to the method in which history should be conceived and taught in the interests of international good feeling; we are told that 'the schools are the engine-rooms in which power is created to drive the machinery of the League of Nations' — a doubtful proposition; and then in comes Mr. H. G. Wells, brandishing a world Utopia and severely announcing, like the Queen of Hearts at the croquet match, that, if universal peace is not made in next to no time, it will be a case of heads off all round.

For ourselves, as we have suggested, we have little faith in a raging and tearing propaganda where peace is concerned, and suspect that those of our friends who tend to such a policy have

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been misled by some will-o'-the-wisp, itself, perhaps, the product of shaken nerves. So let us begin quite at the beginning and frankly ask ourselves, if peace is desirable, in what sense it really is to be desired. The mind instinctively associates the word with a perfect state; amid the cares and turmoil of this world men long for the peace of heaven; we believe of our dead that they are living, and our prayer for them is that they may 'rest in peace.' Yet we have no experience of a life that is not a balance of forces, that is not based on contention and antagonism, and we know of few joys comparable to that of the struggle against odds in which, while we struggle, we still hope for victory. Are there then to be no further victories for us? Must we remain forever content with the limited achievement of our brief life here? It seems improbable; and except to those whom the world has wearied and overborne, it must surely seem quite unattractive, too. Indeed, to ask for peace in this sense is perhaps not very different from asking for extinction; it is, as the poet reminds us, the counsel of despair.

> Sleepe after toyle, port after stormy seas,
> Ease after warre, death after life does greatly please.

If we remove from life all thought of the antagonist to be faced and vanquished, it has no further call to effort, and there remains for our consolation nothing but a philosophical abstraction.

Such too often is the heavenly peace to which we are asked to look forward; and is not our conception of peace on earth taken frequently on the same mould? Is it not mainly a negative peace: absence of rivalries, effacement of differences, fusion of particularities and individualities in a vague general good? Peace more or less after that pattern has been attained over large portions of the earth's surface at various periods of history. They are not the periods to which we look for inspiration. Formative periods in the history of our race have, alas! been associated with violence and bloodshed; only too often in the past the leaders of civilization have taken one another by the throat, as the nations of Europe still incline to do, while peace has dwelt among people, who knew of nothing worth fighting for, like certain inhabitants of South America to-day. There is no danger of the general establishment of a peace of this kind, which, if established, would deprive human nature of its best features. But there is serious danger of our allowing the thought of it, like a phantom, to disturb our vision: there is serious danger that an unacknowledged love of emptiness may sap the constructive energy through which alone a victorious fullness of human life can be attained. For, peace being an ideal, it is much easier to see what is inconsistent with it than to see what it consists of, what its positive qualities are to be.

We can best illustrate our point by some observations on Mr. Wells's handling of his 'World Utopia.' He begins his essay by asking what is meant by a Utopia and defining it in a peculiar manner. He says that the Utopian is simply the practical man, in this sense: that, if a man is going to build a house, he first makes a sketch plan of the building, and, *a fortiori*, if we are going to remodel the world, we must have our plan, in other words, our Utopia, before us. Utopia, he goes on, once meant Nowhere, since Utopians, being critics of the existing state of things, did not wish to be offensive to their neighbors; but that is all changed, and now 'Utopia has to be getting to business in international affairs; it has to take off its fancy dress and speak quite plainly.'

The fallacy of this seems to lie in its failure to discriminate between life and its parts, in the belief that a kind of ac-

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tion which is applicable to certain parts of life is therefore applicable to life itself. No one can plan for the world's future, because, as the future gradually turns into the present, we find ourselves completely occupied in filling it, in being and becoming, in responding to the unpredictable offers it holds out to us. We can plan our house because we know with exactitude how most of the materials necessary to its construction will behave. We cannot plan the future of human society, because the reality of that future is the life of the individuals who are to compose it, and the complexion and formation of their life is not in our control. In fact, the very essence of a Utopia is its freedom from practical considerations; the Utopian asks 'What do I want?' not 'What can I have?' His appeal is to the love of perfection that is latent in us all, and he makes it by presenting to us a society in a state of bliss; not asking how we are to attain such bliss, but what our bliss would be if we could attain to it.

It is a distinction of the first importance for all well-wishers of the League of Nations, all who wish to think of it, not as a mere dream, but as a practical proposal. Unfortunately, Mr. Wells aggravates a confusion which might else have passed as merely verbal by the recklessness of his comments on passing events. The politicians and statesmen of the world have all proved themselves 'entirely inadequate,' in his opinion. They have not known 'what to do with the world, because they had no World-Utopia ready for this crisis.' They are all people of short views, by which he means 'people imperfectly educated, so that they do not see life as a whole, nor the problems of life as related in any intelligible way to one another or to any general scheme.' How curious that Mr. Wells should have discovered in all 'the leading people of our times' the very flaw which seems to us to invalidate his own position; it encourages us to think that the mistake is on his side. For, if we do care really about establishing a league for peace, what channel of action can we find? There is but one instrument through which we can work—our statesmen; and if it should be true that they are all ignorant of what a statesman should know, there would be no help for us anywhere, and no hope at all for the League. It would be pure Utopia then with a vengeance. But, of course, it is not the statesman's office to work by a plan. The material in which he works being life, it would be fruitless for him to decide in advance to what forms he would have it grow. His task is to divine what the vital forces at any moment really are, to feel the prevailing impulse of the nation he has been called to lead, and to direct it in the successive steps of its development. Now the things that are effective in politics, the influences that tell, are often those of which we are least thinking; for the relation of our thought to our growth is a remote one. Therefore, though the true statesman strives for an ideal, he forms no detailed picture for its expression. That is the Utopian's task; to the statesman it would be merely hampering. For Utopias are fabricated of mind-stuff — floating phantoms; and the question for the statesman is, which among all those hovering possibilities can be seized and vitalized. He judges of what can be made vital by what has been made vital already. He is preoccupied with the idea in its embodiment, with the processes by which, through such embodiment as has been achieved, the nation, all nations, may be led on to larger, freer, fuller being.

Where could we find a better example of the difference between an idea that is still floating and an idea that has been fixed and realized, than in the various associations of the word peace? The thought of peace flows through the

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mind like water, clear and lucid — our ultimate blessing, the fulfillment of all desire. The very condition of a Utopia is that contentions should have ceased. But peace in practice, the peace our politicians have to secure, the peace we are hoping to build up in the future, but for which we search the past in vain — how difficult are its approaches, how elusive it is, how contradictory. Few civilized peoples have thought war good; all Christian peoples have acknowledged peace on earth as their ideal; but they have generally pursued peace with a sword, and when they have attained to it, it has never meant more than the temporary prevalence of one indisputable power or a temporary balance between competitors. All tends to show that in the realm of conduct something in ourselves or our surroundings is rebellious to peace; why else should it be so pleasant to think of and so hard to obtain? The paradox does not belong to the past, and we do not need to cross the English or the Irish Channel to find examples of it. Those of us who have been loudest in praise of peace and severest in denouncing militarism have openly advocated the employment of force where their own interests were concerned.

The difficulty then, after all, is not with our politicians, but with ourselves; and the root of it is that, like Mr. Wells, we confuse Utopia and politics. The dream of peace is deep in our hearts, and we have, as it were, the moral assurance of having voted for it; so we lay the blame on our politicians if there is still trouble in the world. But peace cannot be arranged in accordance with what we wish or decide; it depends upon the whole tenor of our actions. Have we found, then, what the principles of our conduct must be if peace is to be secured? Or are we daily and hourly making demands upon the world which are exclusive, and must at last bring us into collision with other men? Do we tend, when the interest of our clan or of our class is at stake, to assume that justice is on our side and that we must establish it by force if necessary? More generally, if peace and justice are incompatible, which are we to prefer, and why?

These are only a few of the more obvious questions that arise when we begin to bring the idea of peace down out of the dream world, to distinguish the political from the Utopian peace. But by the time we have found candid answers for them, we shall have stopped thinking of peace as a thing evidently realizable and lost by the stupidity or hypocrisy of our leaders. We shall have found that there is no cleavage between us and them. We have put them where they are, to deal with a situation which we are making for them.

The vision of a Utopia works upon us by translating ideas into desires; the art of politics is their translation into life, their incorporation in flesh and blood, in a living and durable constitution. The field of action is confined, the materials limited. True love, Shelley has told us, —

> True love in this differs from gold and clay,
> That to divide is not to take away.

There are, indeed, spiritual delights which increase as they are shared. But the texture and foundation of human life is still of clay and gold, and we are perplexed and harassed by the question who shall have the gold and who the clay. Before peace can be assured to us, all must have learned to value the good things of life in their order. If we have never asked ourselves what we would give up, if need be; if we are in favor of peace because life has furnished us very liberally; if we are not quarrelsome only because our energies have full scope, our peacefulness is not practical; we are denizens of an accidental

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Utopia and our day of reckoning is to come.

Nothing is more dangerous to the universal political peace we now desire than the presence among us of innocent persons who, having felt no limits, no constriction, are unaware of the real nature of the problem; and there are nations of them in the world to-day. Our own difficulties are more often of another kind. The limits are already pressing in upon us strictly. We have discovered that it is folly for one nation to fight another for material things, since mutual destruction means only that there is less for both. But the absurdity is chiefly apparent to us because we can call the two sides by different names. It is one of the advantages of what is called 'internationalism' that the truth is dropping its last disguise.

The development of the hope of peace between nations has synchronized with an increasing disposition to use force for economic ends, for the redistribution of the clay and the gold among ourselves. This enables us to see how the problem of peace passes into the problem of existence, simply. The 'living-wage,' the 'standard of life' are wrapped up in it, and we divine that there can be no ultimate solution until the problem of population itself is faced. Utopia is now far away. The establishment of peace argues, we see, the willingness and capacity of those among whom it is to be established to strike the balance truly between the good things of the material and those of the spiritual world, to sacrifice the material to the spiritual when circumstances require it, and to build up the spiritual through the material, in the pure love of truth and of mankind. The attainment of peace is as hard as the attainment of wisdom, and the task before us the creation of a wise world.

If such is, indeed, our goal, how useless is it to be in a hurry! There are still with us three hundred millions of men whose faith promises them heaven if they die fighting for it, and twice or thrice as many more who have not heard of any League and could not hear of one, for their minds would attach no meaning to the name. Nine tenths of the race, if not children in tutelage, are not fit to be more, and perhaps never can be. How immense the task which devolves on the independent tenth, and how sad to find that at present they are much more combative than their more primitive brethren! It looks as if growth and development were in themselves a menace; as if, the wider our contacts with the world, the more frequent were the occasions for rivalry and misunderstanding; as if peace must be increasingly difficult to attain as men's desires and activities expanded. Certainly the new problems created by the complexity of modern competition cannot be overlooked, and no attitude is more likely to lead us to disaster than the ingenuous assumption that we have outgrown barbarism.

We are still far from world-peace, therefore, and fear will not get us there if love cannot. It is useless to tell us that we shall perish unless we are converted; the orthodox have played with the fear of hell for nineteen hundred years, and the result is inappreciable. Fear is the wrong method, because, again, it is based on emptiness, on negatives, on the notion that peace is there when we cease merely to disturb it. That is the policeman's notion, and the policeman is the officer of an established order. Before we can appoint him our order must be established. It has been generally seen that the League of Nations could provide no guaranty of peace unless it too had its police to control offenders; it has been less generally seen that, before a world-order could be infringed, it must have come into existence; that you can protect only what

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you have made. And the thing to be made is other than an accommodation between existing forces. We have to establish universally a practical habit of mind, for which the relation of might and right among nations will be the same as it is among the individuals that are members of a nation to-day.

Everyone knows now that the strength of a nation is no guaranty of the justice of its claims; everyone knows that national action is subject to the moral law. But the idea of 'sovereignty,' the idea that each nation must be its own judge, still holds, because of the insuperable difficulties of the task of bringing together this motley host of dwarfs and giants, whose differences of size are themselves, it may be, insignificant by the side of their other differences of age and temperament, of manners, and of circumstance. Part of the Englishman's heritage is the enjoyment of liberties attained through centuries of growth, and dependent on an instinctive respect for certain moral principles which have gradually received recognized expression in our laws and customs. The nations of the world have to create for their general guidance and government a similar body of authoritative principle and procedure, to transcend the present crude and jarring system of watchful and balanced forces, and to reconcile their competing claim in a common allegiance to the idea of liberty under the law. Such an allegiance involves, for many, a subversion of their existing mentality, and for all a long effort of constructive politics in circumstances new to human thought. Suppose that the germ of English liberty is seen in Magna Charta, and that its full embodiment has been reached when every adult citizen obtains the vote. The intervening period is not far from a millennium. Suppose that the Magna Charta of the League was the establishment of the Statute of the International Court of Justice in December of last year. We shall be optimistic if we assign to the complete enfranchisement of all nations in the polity and parliament of the world an earlier date than 3000. For the work of development and integration will be far more difficult for humanity at large than for one state. Yet, however distant the consummation, the method is sure. Right will grow as it is respected, and will be discovered as it is applied; the true reciprocity of nations, as of individuals, will be determined by concrete decisions given to meet concrete difficulties as they arise.

Universal peace, in other words, cannot mean less than a world-wide organization based on a code which the nations have to create by usage and consent. And that consent will be won only as it comes to be realized that national individuality is enhanced by mutual respect and that the common life of the race is enriched by national differences. If peace is to be truly desirable, — this is our last contention, — it must come before us in the richest colors, bringing with it the whole of earth's good things; it must be the crown and completion of our activities, a positive and additional creation.

We find the shadow of a contrary heresy in certain recommendations of some of Mr. Marvin's helpers in regard to the teaching of history in schools. History, we know, has not infrequently been used as an instrument for the intensification of racial jealousies and antagonisms: known facts have been consciously misrepresented for the better nourishment of national pride; the minds of children have been inflated with a lust of conquest or revenge. All that is an abomination; yet the conscious handling of history for any purpose, even what may seem to be the best, must be strongly deprecated. To children, and to almost all those to

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whom history is taught, its themes are those of a pageant or a fairy tale; as such, they can be used, no doubt, to point any moral a teacher may have in view. But the history ceases as soon as the moral comes in. The object of historical study, surely, is to enlarge experience. There is, in the last resort, no substitute for experience, and those alone can understand history who have understood life in its immediate dealings with them. But the next best thing to experience is imagination; and if any truth at all is to reach young minds through history, the perspective through which events are viewed must be that which the imagination supplies.

It is no doubt a danger to peace and a misfortune for the League of Nations that written history is so full of wars; it is a dislocation of life to present it so. But in poetry and even in fiction the same dislocation is to be observed. Our attention is constantly directed to events which, in the very fact that they are critical, are unrepresentative. The discovery of the turnip, one of Mr. Marvin's essayists contends, was really of much greater importance to England than the fate of Charles I, for without it we should have been starved by Napoleon and defeated at Waterloo. But even its association with the possibility of defeat in battle is not enough to make the turnip vivid.

History for all but the maturest must continue to disregard what is merely solid and sedate, and to tease us out of ourselves, if it be only with the vision of the unjust punishment of an unjust king. Its appeal must be to the peaks, the points in its vast panorama on which light rests and from which it is reflected to us; and these peaks are always personalities in their ardors and vicissitudes, with, next to them, embracing them, our country struggling for freedom, or for existence, or for enlargement, facing in this way or in that its difficult adventure in the unknown. The imagination is avid for these things; it settles and fastens upon them and will not be denied. Since, then, truth is a relation between the mind and its object, to change the emphasis would not be in the interests of truth. If we serve up to youthful imagination some artificial food, it will not be assimilated; we shall merely provoke a revulsion of taste. The thought of peace and of the pursuits of peace emerges on a secondary plane, reached after longer and profounder study. It is a thought to which we cannot attain by substituting one point of view for another; it supervenes. And in the same way we cannot reach peace in reality by any mollification of our souls; we must fill the measure of our personal and our national individuality and overflow it. The spirit of combativeness itself cannot be gainsaid; we must find how to reconcile it with national, as we have reconciled it with individual, rivalries.

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AMERICANS AND SPORT

BY GEORGES LECHARTIER

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The passionate interest with which Americans followed the Dempsey-Carpentier fight is but another illustration of the importance which they attach to sport. We shall never understand their national character fully until we comprehend this passion.

It is based upon love of 'fair play,' though the game may be killing a man — a sport governed by its own frontier code. The very stage-robber roughs, and the bullies who pioneered the Far West, obeyed certain laws of their trade, designed to give every man a fair chance. That once granted, individual initiative, courage, shrewdness, and daring had free rein. The dead were buried where they fell, and the sheriff's jurisdiction ceased.

Americans inherit from their heroic frontier traditions, which all admire and many still regret, both reverence for fair play and passion for sport.

Though this nation did enter the war in the service of a great ideal, — for the Yankees are incorrigible idealists, — another important motive, a controlling motive, was their love of sport.

I recall what a San Francisco journalist said to me in 1915, when I remarked upon the number of pro-Germans in the West: 'When we see Germany, with all the world against her, holding her own and even driving back the Russians, we feel that she plays the game well and applaud her skill. If the man on the street is pro-German, it is because of his sporting instinct.' It was sporting sentiment, again, that made the Americans almost unanimous for war as soon as they saw Germany breaking the rules of the game with her submarines.

An American street lad cannot insult another worse than by calling him no sport. A boy who will meekly tolerate almost any other charge will instantly resent this one with his fists.

So the taste for sport, acquired at a tender age, continues throughout life. Everywhere in America you see athletic fields, tennis courts, and golf links. They are attached to factories, and occupy public parks. Operatives flock to them as soon as their work is over, and generally spend Saturday afternoons at such games. About a quarter of the forty square miles of park around Chicago is used for baseball fields, golf links, tennis courts, and other athletic objects. Matches between towns, factories, schools, and cities, always draw great crowds, who follow them with passionate interest.

One day I chanced to see the following incident in Chicago. A baseball game was being played in a field surrounded by a high fence. At one place a board was missing. A gigantic policeman — all policemen in Chicago are giants — had been stationed at the last moment to keep small boys from crawling through, or watching the game from this opening. However, this policeman was an American, and naturally himself a sport-lover. Probably he had performed his duties conscientiously at first; but who can resist the temptation of the national sport? When I saw him, the guardian of the law presented but

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an enormous back to the outer world. He stood motionless, gazing through the aperture which he was stationed to protect, utterly absorbed in the game. His corpulence encouraged him to straddle a little as he leaned against the fence. A young lad had profited by the situation to establish himself directly behind the officer of the law. So there were the two, both wrapped in the game, both howling enthusiastically at every good play — the policeman apparently quite oblivious of the youngster between his legs.

An even more significant incident, pointing the same moral, lately occurred at a county town where the 'Yankees' of New York were training. A local nine defeated the distinguished visitors by a score of one to nothing, and the little village went wild over the achievement. Its citizens swept across the diamond, a cheering, shrieking mob, and, forming an impromptu procession, continued the celebration into the town itself.

While neighbor was congratulating neighbor upon the glorious victory, a little group of men was discovered anxiously inquiring for the whereabouts of Albert T. Lyons, the town constable. Now Albert T. Lyons had been prominently visible only a few moments before, in the front row on the grandstand. He had shouted and howled as loudly as the most patriotic of his fellow townsmen. But no one knew where he went when the game was over. Those best informed, or pretending to be so, assured the solicitous inquirers that he had gone with the crowd to celebrate down-town. The truth was he had been completely lost in the shuffle.

Soon the ball field was deserted except for the little group of distracted men hunting for Albert T. Lyons. These persistent seekers were no other than the prisoners of the county jail, eighteen in all, who had been among the most interested spectators of the game. It later developed that these prisoners had no intention originally of leaving their involuntary domicile for the afternoon. But fate had disposed otherwise. Sheriff Wilson, who was in charge of the jail, noticing that schools, stores, and factories had closed, to let every good townsman see the local champions measure their prowess against the famous visitors, left Albert T. Lyons, the local constable, to guard the prisoners for the remainder of the day. Then, donning his best uniform, he joined his fellow citizens at the ball field.

However, Lyons, after watching the long procession of his neighbors and acquaintances pass the gates of his bastille, could not master his intense interest in the coming contest. First he was melancholy, then restless, then impatient. Finally, he made up his mind. He decided that it was his duty also to be present at that game; and, since he could not leave his prisoners, he would take them with him. Lining them up in a column of fours, he gave the order: 'Forward — march!' and thus they appeared at the historic contest.

However, in the excitement that followed, Albert T. Lyons completely forgot his charges. The prisoners, in their turn, forgot Albert T. Lyons. Neither the one nor the other had eyes or voice except for the great event before them. The constable found himself, without knowing just how, at the sheriff's side. The two men greeted each other, two souls with but a single thought, two pairs of lungs that howled as one. When the game was over, both the sheriff and the constable forgot entirely their prisoners. Beside themselves with enthusiasm and civic pride, they hastened to town with the rest.

Now, when the eighteen prisoners found that they had been deserted, they took counsel among themselves. After some deliberation they decided

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to march down town and seek their guardian, Albert T. Lyons, or, if he could not be found, the sheriff.

But the town was thronged with excited people. The prisoners marched up and down the main street in file. In vain they questioned passers-by. Breaking up into detachments, they even hunted through the side streets. Albert T. Lyons was not to be found. Supper-hour was drawing near. Their unwonted exercise had sharpened their appetites. They deliberated anew, and decided unanimously what their next move should be. Doubling their pace, they hastened back to the jail, with the hope of finding supper ready, whether the constable was there or not.

But here a new disappointment awaited them. The jail was locked. They rang the bell, they pounded, they investigated. No reply. They took counsel anew. Two expert lock-pickers were invited to exhibit their talents. Without waiting to be asked a second time, they took off their coats and proceeded to attack the lock. Did they lack proper tools? Had they lost their skill in jail? Whatever the cause, the door resisted. Finally, the professional lock-pickers, humiliated and defeated, and scoffed at by their hungry fellow prisoners, gave up the job. Then a veteran second-story man volunteered to climb a waterspout and enter by an upper window. But the window resisted as obstinately as the door, so he, too returned defeated.

All this time the savory odors of broiling beefsteak and boiling coffee were wafted to their nostrils from inside, whetting their appetites and deepening despair. Happily, just at that moment the door opened. Mrs. Draper, the cook, summoned from the kitchen by the noise and prudently armed with the poker, stood in the opening. Her famished boarders swept past her like a single man, eager to make up for lost time. Scarcely had a second helping been served all-round, when Constable Albert T. Lyons, and Sheriff Wilson arrived, out of breath, worried, and apologetic. However, apologies were unnecessary. They were joyously welcomed, and everyone talked at once of the glorious victory.

Are you waiting for a moral? Do you fancy that the negligent constable was dismissed? Was the careless sheriff replaced, or even reprimanded? Not at all. It was a question of sport, so no explanations were needed. In fact, the town rather prided itself on having such patriotic guardians of the law.

Naturally, the automobile has added another new sporting element to American life. Arrests and fines for speeding do not have the slightest effect upon the mania for taking risks. People are as proud of their mounting lists of fines, as they are of their speed records.

A couple of years ago the Long Island Railway Company conceived the idea of substituting light, artistic gates for the heavy barriers previously used at grade crossings. The next year, however, it had to replace the old ponderous contrivances. The official reason for this backward step was that automobilists would run through the light gates as a sport, in order to cross the track just ahead of trains. The reports specified six cases in one week where people had voluntarily taken this risk.

Where such sports are the vogue, it is not strange that horse-racing should seem dull. Aeroplane races will doubtless become popular as soon as means are devised for following them throughout their course. During the interval, the most popular races are perhaps those between the crews of the great universities. The most largely attended is the Harvard-Yale boat race, which is rowed on a pretty river at New London.

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On the day of the contest this little port is almost lost in a cloud of white sails, gay banners, and pennants. It is the centre of a pandemonium of whistles, sirens, music, and cheering crowds. Slender racing shells, motor-boats, and yachts dart hither and thither. The whole course is a focus of intense activity. Two trains, exactly alike, are waiting on the opposite banks of the river. Each consists of sixty cars, provided with awning-covered seats for spectators. The one on the right bank is for Yale supporters; the one on the left for those of Harvard. Each ticket indicates the seat reserved for its possessor. Everything is arranged beforehand. In spite of the immense throng, there is no confusion. The organization is perfect.

Just before the start the waterside is a rendezvous of elegance and beauty. Rarely does one see in such short time and limited space so many gracious, graceful, pretty girls, with admirable — and apparently natural — complexions. Each wears the color of her favorite university: blue for Yale, and crimson for Harvard. Old graduates meet each other for the first time in ten or twenty years. There is a hurly-burly of glad greetings. But they refrain from personal remarks and inquiries. They are glad to see each other; but their only thought is of the race. Here are two elderly gentlemen, each remarkably well groomed, who perceive each other from a distance. They run up, clasp hands, and circle round in a sort of joyous war dance. Are they crazy men? By no means. They are simply two old Harvard alumni who have just discovered each other.

Hucksters' carts and boys with baskets circulate through the crowd, selling peanuts, cigars, chewing-gum, and a multitude of strange refreshments of every hue of the rainbow. Add to all this color and movement the dazzling American sunlight, and you have an incomparable picture of life and gayety.

The starting-hour approaches. The bells of the two locomotives begin to ring. Conductors shout, 'All aboard!' The whole world hastens to its allotted place.

Slowly we begin to move. Hundreds of cinema cameras are trained on us. They are posted everywhere: on moving automobiles, on high scaffoldings, on lamp-posts, and on a lofty tank.

At last we leave the city, thread the suburbs, and come to the open country. At this point an immense steel bridge joins the opposite banks. We halt in the middle. Below us, as far as the eye can reach, the river reveals two long avenues of masts. Vessels of every size and form, yachts, steamers, schooners, countless motor-boats, yawls, and barges, each loaded to the limit with bright-faced people, mostly dressed in white, are ranged along the course. Soon we detect the slender racing shells deliberately taking their positions beneath the bridge. The banks on either side are not black, but white, with spectators. The course is directly up-stream from this point.

Now the shells are in position, each held at its proper point by the outstretched arms of the trainers. There is a moment's pause, an impressive silence. The sharp crack of a revolver, and then, with a single impulse, with a perfectly even sweep of the oars, the two shells shoot away.

Yale speedily takes the lead. The Harvard crew rows with long 'classic' strokes. Yale, on the other hand, has adopted this year a short quick stroke, which comes, according to rumor, from Australia. It certainly proves the better at the start.

From the moment the race begins, a constant roar follows the contesting crews from either shore. On the right, everyone is shouting: 'Harvard! Har-

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vard! Harvard!' in deafening unison. Sometimes the noise dies down for a moment, only to rise higher than ever. From the other side we hear the rival shouters with their constant staccato: 'Yale! Yale! Yale!' Then there ascends for a moment, above the other clamor, a weird sort of chant; apparently the battle-hymn of the rival university, to which Harvard replies with its own university song.

The train keeps just abreast of the rowers. We see on the opposite bank the apparently endless train bearing the Yale crowd. The rival shell is decidedly in the lead. The bodies of its crew bend back and forth in quick unison, like the threads on a spindle; while the Harvard men, with their more deliberate rhythm, seem a little surer of themselves. They give the impression of greater ease. Nevertheless, at the end of the quarter, Yale is three lengths in the lead.

The Harvard men redouble their cheering. It is as if they would force their shell ahead by mere will-power. For a moment we lose sight of the contestants behind some yacht or three-decked river steamer, whose dense crowd of passengers is likewise shouting and cheering on the contestants by waving handkerchiefs, umbrellas, hats, and arms. These thousands of spectators are like one person with a single thought, and that thought expressed in noise.

During the next quarter the distance between the two shells increases. Yale keeps well in the lead. The moment comes when there seems no hope for Harvard. Just then, when the cheering from our side begins to die away, we detect a lessening in the distance between the contesting crews. At first we hesitate, lest we have been deceived. Then our impression is confirmed. The boats are closer together. Harvard is picking up. There are only two lengths between them — only one and a half.

It is beyond my powers of description to give any idea of the roars of enthusiasm, the shouts, the howls, the hurrahs, the open mouths, dilated eyes, contorted forms, clenched fists rising and falling in cadence with the 'Rah! Rah! Rah!' of the wild Indians who surround us. It would take a Dostoievski or a Dante to portray that — and he would fail.

By this time only three quarters of a length separates the two shells. Whistles toot and bellow in every pitch, sirens roar in agonizing shrieks. The white surf of human beings on either bank rolls and sways in one great climax of noise and movement. The sharp reports of revolvers and the booming of cannon punctuate the din.

We are drawing near the end of the course. The double row of vessels becomes more compact. The train makes a half-circle round the little bay, and stops. Here the boats are so close together that they form a solid mass. A perfect thicket of spars, awnings, smoke-stacks entirely cuts off our view of the water. We lose sight of the contestants for a moment at this point. When we next see them, the distance between them has increased. On our side there is a moment's hesitation, an instant of hope. We imagine we see the Harvard colors in the leading boat. But it is only the illusion of an instant. Yale leads! They are now separated by seven lengths. The race is over. Yale wins.

While the crews, exhausted by their last spasmodic effort, sink back in the bottoms of their shells, a thunder of cheers, punctuated by revolver-shots, cannon-shots, and other detonations, surpassing even the pandemonium along the course, rolls over to us from the opposite bank, as if to crush us under an avalanche of sound.

Meanwhile on our side the enthusiasm of a moment before has given place

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to blank despair. Our whole train is silent as the grave. Even the conductors, the engineer, and the fireman were eager partisans of Harvard. We did not expect Yale to win. While the rival train remains in its position, celebrating its victory, our train draws away in almost tragic silence, hastening back to our point of departure.

Sport is an element in the games of the United States. But it is found not only there. You discover it in education, in business, in politics, and in manners. It is everywhere.

In business as well as boxing and baseball, Americans figure chances. Instead of shirking risks, they seek them as a sport. They thus acquire quickness of conception, sureness in action, promptness in decision, a disciplined spirit of adventure, and great energy in execution. When the rules of a game are once agreed upon, rarely does either party violate them. If he does, then it is each one for himself, and any stratagem becomes fair play. The American's motive is not solely to make money, but also to win.

Politics interest average Americans only once in every four years, when they elect a president. The nominating conventions, where the opposing candidates are selected, are sporting preliminaries, when both sides line up for the final test. Betting on the result is heavy, and most voters regard the success of their candidates as a personal victory as well as a party victory.

So the sporting spirit expresses itself in every phase of national life. Marriage in the United States is a very different thing from what it is in France. It is a race for happiness, if you wish; but each one races for himself alone. Sex-competition supplants sex-coöperation. Each party preserves his or her individual interest and freedom of opinion. There is little or no real intimacy, though much luxury — supplied, it is always understood, by the husband. But no matter how liberal the latter may be, his wife usually thinks, and often says, that he might be more so. Taming a husband has the same sporting interest for an American girl as taming a horse, hunting in the Rockies, or trout-fishing in Canada. However, when once the conquest is made and the fish hooked, there is less interest. That explains why divorces are more common in the United States than anywhere else in the world.

One of the most remarkable and unheard-of sports in the United States, however, is religious. What is still more astonishing is that the sporting spirit is a powerful agency of proselytism.

Billy Sunday, a former baseball star, is the most popular evangelist in the United States. One evening I went out to Ocean Grove, the Mecca of Evangelism, to attend the first session of one of his 'Hit-the-Trail' revivals. More than eleven thousand people were seated in a large wooden barn, called a 'hut,' or 'tabernacle.' They represented every shade of religious belief and every rank of society. Suddenly a vigorous man with a bulldog face, a pug nose, bright piercing eyes, athletic in appearance, wearing a jacket but no vest, crossed the hall and sprang upon the platform at a single bound.

Without other preparation he repeated in a stentorian voice this text from Daniel: 'Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.' Either because it was an oppressively hot night, or because he wanted to illustrate at once the truth of the text, he stripped off his jacket, and slinging it over his head several times, with a magnificent gesture of disdain, threw it like a feather into the attentive audience. That finished, he charged with lowered head into the very centre of his subject.

His language was the spicy *argot* of New York, where Yiddish and some

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fifty-five other dialects struggle for survival. His figures were for the most part shockingly vulgar, as were his gestures, which varied in an instant from creeping across the platform in search of the devil, to clearing the entire breadth at a bound, driving before him the 'filthy herd of the plutocrats of the smart set.'

I recall the following gems from this sermon — certainly the most acrobatic pulpit deliverance to which I ever listened: —

'I'd not give a cent to know who wrote the Ten Commandments; but the man or woman who does not make them his guide in life ought to be put in jail. . . . Some men make money just as much their God as if they took a thousand-dollar bill from their pocketbook and knelt in worship before it. . . . This country is making money by the barrel and the hogshead; but it is going to hell by the cartload. . . . Don't pay attention to public opinion; pay attention to God. Remember that public opinion said that Dr. Jenner, Galileo, Bacon, and Christopher Columbus were fools, were bughouse, were nuts.'

I still have before my eyes a vision of him as he delivered his concluding remarks, begging the audience to 'Hit the trail.' With clenched fists he beat the air, gesticulating at a dizzy speed; then, suddenly, his face shining with perspiration, he sprang from the platform to one of the seats below, then to the choir-leader's stand, thence, by an immense leap over a table, to his original position. And during all this tremendous exhibition he constantly shouted in a voice of thunder: 'Hit the trail! Hit the trail! Hit the trail!'

I saw hands raised throughout the audience by people ready to hit the trail. The next day the papers published the fact that $1641.50 had been collected, and forty-three persons converted.

I questioned at the time whether this trail was truly the path of the evangelist; but I did not doubt that it was the trail of sport, which in America leads directly to heaven, as it does to hell; because in America sport leads everywhere.

A PROFESSOR IN SPAIN

BY FRIEDRICH DESSAUER

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, July* 24
(Radical Liberal Daily)

As the Paris–Madrid express approaches the Spanish border, in the early dawn, a great gray wall seems to loom up for a moment to the west. It is the Atlantic Ocean. Then the railway begins to ascend through green rolling foothills, clothed with seemingly endless forests, until at last it reaches the high uplands of Castile. Hour after hour, until late in the evening, we speed forward across this interminable plateau, which is every varying and yet ever the same. In the distance we catch glimpses of sandy hills and an occasional rocky precipice. It is a lonely, deserted country, with here and there an isolated farmstead, and rarely a village, hardly distinguishable from

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the brown landscape which surrounds it. At intervals we pass the ruins of a castle, or see a mounted peasant or a pack-train of mules. Hour after hour we stare out at the same picture of boundless space and glaring sunlight. Toward evening the distant hills grow yellow and then ruddy, and a purple haze hangs mistily over the vast plain. When darkness falls, the train is climbing the first mountain grades of the Sierra Guadarrama. Snow still lies on the north flanks of the higher summits. We speed on through the darkness, and then, in a moment, plunge into the brilliant lights of a great metropolis.

Though the great plateau which surrounds the city sleeps silently under the stars, Madrid is noisily awake. It begins to be at its best about nine o'clock. Its white houses and clean, handsome avenues are brilliant with lights. Well-clad people hurry hither and thither in countless automobiles and carriages. The fashionable dining-hour is half-past nine; then comes the theatre; and it is not until two A.M. that the street throngs begin to ebb, tram-cars become rarer, and windows are darkened.

Spain has become a wealthy country, and is spending ostentatiously its new riches. Madrid is now one of the world's great capitals. Its palaces, gardens, museums, avenues, and hotels vie with those of any metropolis. A *table-d'hôte* dinner consists of ten courses and five kinds of wine. In the ballrooms an international public amuses itself with the latest dances. Dinner-jackets and dress-suits are the universal mode.

But it would be a great mistake to judge all Spain by these externals. To be sure, it has become a richer country by its prudent policy during the war. But it is something more. Wherever I I went, I discovered evidences of new ambitions and new aims in life. Museums, cathedrals, and monuments are being repaired; waste lands reforested; streets laid out and improved; unsettled districts colonized, and railways extended. Manufacturers are exerting themselves to make their country independent of its neighbors. A high-tariff wall has been erected to protect them.

To be sure the nation has in some cases overshot its mark. Its customs-duties are absurdly high; machinery and chemicals cost more in Spain than elsewhere. The object, of course, is to compel its people to depend on their own resources. But I feel certain that they will eventually learn that they have taken the wrong way to reach their object. Two or three generations of workingmen must first be trained. Even if the country had all the industrial equipment it requires, it would still lack skilled labor to make that equipment productive. To train such labor will require decades, perhaps a century. All economists with whom I spoke admitted this.

Great reforms are also occurring in the scientific world. University professors are selected on a new plan. Magnificent laboratories and clinics are being erected. I noticed many German scientific books in the shops: and though Spanish scholars have great difficulty in understanding and speaking the German language, a large number of them can read it. By the advice of my friends, I had my lectures translated into Spanish and read them in that tongue. My audience — and I was fortunate enough to have a select body of hearers in the ancient auditorium of San Carlos — could understand me better thus than if I spoke my own tongue, and I found myself well paid for the trouble I took, in the grateful appreciation of the learned world.

I discovered that my Spanish col-

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leagues were excellently grounded in my own specialty. Roentgenology, particularly in its therapeutic application, is better understood in Spain than in France, where, for the last eight years, the medical profession, to its own great detriment, has obstinately refused to recognize the revolutionary progress which has occurred in Germany. All of the professors whom I met, and many of the principal physicians, had studied in my country. Many had been my own pupils before the war. The King himself assured me, in a long private interview, that Spain would send many students to us hereafter.

Thanks to the hospitality of my distinguished Spanish hosts, I was able to see more in a short time than I might otherwise have seen in months or years. Among these special opportunities was an automobile trip through southern Spain, during which I came into closer contact with the land and its people than do most hasty visitors.

At five o'clock in the morning, the high-powered machine of my host stands waiting in front of my hotel, to take us on our six-hundred-mile journey through the southern provinces. Soon the metropolis lies behind us, and we plunge through clouds of whitish-yellow dust. People are just rising, in the suburbs. Goats and sheep, and graceful little brownish-gray pigs — that look like immense mice — encumber the streets. Long pack-trains of sleek mules are winding their way through the gray morning light toward the city. Toward the north the rugged mountain range of Guadarrama looms behind us, until it is cut off by the wild mountainous district of Credos. We travel on for hours, meeting scarcely a human being.

At intervals the silhouette of a mountain shepherd stands out on some distant yellow hill. Occasionally, we slow down to thread our way through a herd of cattle. Small eagles soar above us.

Finally, we reach a district where the reddish-yellow soil bears olive trees. Peculiar-colored birds, striped red and yellow like zebras, flutter around us for a time, only to vanish again as we get farther south. Pack-trains and mounted peasants wearing fantastic hats, and two-wheel carts drawn by six mules in tandem, begin to enliven the road. The villages we pass assume a Moorish aspect.

As the sun rises higher, the night wind falls. Our swift, easy-riding motor slows down and finally stops in a little village. Black-haired women are carrying dough across the street. Men and animals are drinking companionably together at a great cistern, where we get water for our automobile before we hasten on. The air grows warmer. Here and there huge powerful steers block the road until their mounted herdsmen drive them to one side. We thread our way for a time through dusty olive groves standing in yellow fields. At last, the mountains of Toledo rise hazily to the southward. I know the city already, with its ornate cathedral and Arab architecture, and so we hasten by.

It grows hotter and hotter; the dazzling sunlight is pitiless. The road begins to ascend. It seems only a moment until we have wound our way up a long serpentine to a mountain pass. Beyond it stretches again the seemingly limitless plateau.

At midday, sunburned and dusty, we pause at Trujillo. Centuries ago famous Spanish explorers set forth from this city to conquer new worlds. Pizzaro's palace is still standing, its lofty wall towering over one of the city streets. After a short siesta we resume our journey.

In Spain storks seem to have changed

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their profession. Here no one knows the legend that they bring children. Instead they guard the churches. You see them, in flocks of twenty or even fifty, perched upon the lofty gables. We catch glimpses of gigantic unfamiliar insects in the odd-looking hedges. A red flower flames in the wayside shrubbery. Our host calls it *pacifico*. Locusts are chirping everywhere.

Late in the afternoon we reach Merida. It is one of those remarkable places, so common in Spain — an old Roman city. An ancient acqueduct still brings its water across the valley. It retains Roman walls and a Roman amphitheatre, and a bridge built by Roman hands, over which we cross the river.

Here the land becomes fertile. Numerous olive groves, broad grain fields, and vineyards clothe the yellow-red soil. Craggy islets are scattered far and near over the wide plateau, like immense boulders dropped from heaven. The red poppies in the fields remind us of Germany. At Villafranca we catch sight of our first railway train, approaching the white secluded city. The sun sinks in a bed of flame. The reddish-yellow landscape becomes redder. The distant groves and sand-hills are veiled in gloomy purple. Night overtakes us before we are across the Sierra Morena. One of the rare villages looms up in the darkness. Through the lighted doorways and windows we catch glimpses of pleasant courtyards, with flowers and slender columns. Women and children call to us as we speed past.

Hour follows hour. Mountain summits, like the flanks of huge black animals, cluster about us. The broad landscape is bathed in a dim, misty starlight. On either side of the white roadway the land is black. The air changes. We are in Andalusia. A waft of the sea reaches our nostrils. The Spaniards call Andalusia one of the fairest lands in the world. We must wait for the morrow to confirm this. At last we see lights ahead. Suburbs, — then a great city: Seville. It is one A.M.

The next morning we do what everyone else does: visit the Cathedral. We also climb the Giralda, the old Moorish tower which rises high above the surrounding city. We wander through the Alcazar, — the old Moorish royal palace, — drive through the park, and watch sea-going steamers ascend the Guadalquivir. Last of all, we make an excursion through the shabby crooked streets of the suburbs, where the poorer classes live. Men and animals mingle aimably here on terms of perfect equality. We come across little artisan shops in the narrow, ill-smelling alleys, and perhaps a step further on, an iron grating, which is a masterpiece of the smithy's art, or a flower-adorned courtyard with slender columns and Moorish ornaments and bright hangings. The streets of the poorer quarter are in very bad condition; but the schools seem excellent. Bad streets, good schools — better than if it were the other way about.

Another morning bids us again *en route*. We make a detour through Cordova, deeper and deeper into the heat of Andalusia. We reach a land of fan palms, occasional date trees, and orange and lemon groves, where the roadway is often bordered by grotesque cacti and occasional Spanish bayonets. The sisal plant shoots tall blossom-crowned pillars into the air. Great stretches of grain fields and olive groves greet us. Little rural oil-mills appear here and there. Mules are treading out the grain on the threshing floors. Mounted peasants pass, with countenances that recall good Sancho Panza. In the distance we see herds of gigantic cattle, and far away in the background

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rise the blue summits of distant mountains.

At Cordova we linger in the most beautiful of the Spanish mosques. Its mighty roof is supported by more than eight hundred Byzantine pillars. In its cool, restful seclusion we listen to wonderful music. High Mass is being celebrated. The chanting of the priests and the responses of the choir are an appropriate and melodious accompaniment to our strange environment. At intervals an excellent organist plays beautiful and unfamiliar airs, full of runs and cadences and a caressing, almost appealing rhythm. It is as if Murillo's chubby angels had broken into song. All this harmonizes, and yet contrasts strangely, with the Oriental atmosphere of the former mosque, and the texts of the Koran, though the latter have been seduously erased wherever possible.

As we emerge from the Cathedral, with its dusk and coolness and incense-laden air, the dust and glare of approaching noontide strike us like a flame. Since our day's destination — Granada — is not distant, we pause for a generous siesta in the pleasant little town of Lucena.

Our afternoon run leads us through a wonderful mountain scene, beyond comparison the most beautiful of our journey, to the fairest city of Spain — Granada. Our host has arranged accommodations for us near the Alhambra, in a great grove of gigantic elms — which the Moors themselves are said to have planted. An evening breeze, as cool as if we were in Germany, comes through our open windows. It is within two days of the full moon, and the heavy scent of flowers is wafted to us through its pale light. Nightingales are singing; but the unfamiliar call of some strange bird dominates the night sounds. The next day I am told that this is called the *oropendula*. Its night-cry suggests the calling of some restless spirit wandering in the moonlight through the ancient groves.

The next day we visit the Alhambra. On the following evening, in the bright light of the moon near its full, we enjoy a special treat, — a visit to what they call in Granada a *carmen*, — a cozy garden far up the Albaicin. Such a *carmen* can be engaged for an evening. One takes dinner there, at a point from which he has a wide outlook from an Arabian tower, or a flat-roofed Moorish building, over the land of *Carmen;* over Granada and its surrounding country. The moon stands high above the pine-clad summits of Sierra Nevada, where but a few short miles separate tropical vegetation from eternal snow. Yonder the white summits of the mountain glitter; and just beneath glisten the red walls of the Alhambra on a lower elevation.

Our evening was passed in lively political conversation. Our little party included Professor Fernando de los Rios Urruti, a professor of law at Granada University, who had just returned from Moscow, where he had visited Lenin as the Spanish delegate of the International Socialist Union. He has written a book upon the great Russian experiment, which will be published also in German. This gentleman is one of the leaders of the Spanish Socialist Party. He regarded the Russian experiment as a warning for Europe. We also talked at length of Germany, and of the great number of Spanish scholars, who, like himself, had studied in that country; of the conditions which hamper the progress of Spain, and of the political future of Europe. Later, we took a long night ramble through the hilly suburbs and the sleeping city.

After but three hours' repose, our little party is again on the road. This time we wind through the Sierra Nevada, which we cross at a height of

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nearly four thousand feet. Then our route bends steeply downward toward the sea. Here and there a distant speck of a steamer is visible, ploughing her course through the warm blue Mediterranean. Our road descends at points by intimidating grades. We ford rivers where the water reaches the hubs of our autmobile. Long pack-trains of mules laden with sugar-cane constantly delay us. We skirt cliffs that overhang the sea and are crowned by ancient watch-towers. Here we find ourselves in a tropic land; sugar-cane, orange groves, banana plants, date palms, and pomegranate and almond trees border the highway. Almost within reach of our hands, Mount Alvecen towers eleven thousand feet above us, its summit crowned with eternal snow.

Eventually we reach an excellent boulevard, which clings to the coast a few hundred feet above the ocean; and late in the afternoon we arrive at Malaga.

NEW-YEAR MISCALCULATIONS

BY IBARA SAIKAKU

[*Saikaku was the founder of a new school of Japanese popular writing in the Genroku era, that is, the latter years of the seventeenth century. This was the period of the partial liberation of the common people, who, finding little of interest in the colorless lives of their social superiors, demanded of their entertainers tales that held the mirror up to their own lives. Japanese fiction of this period is ordinarily highly* risqué, *and the government later suppressed many of these tales. There has of late been an increasing demand for new modern editions of the Japanese Boccaccios, who had at least the merit of more genuine vigor than is found in the stilted works of the learned literary men of their time.*]

From *The Japan Advertiser, July* 3
(Tokyo American Daily)

Not long ago there was a man named Harada Naisuke living with his wife in Shinagawa. He was a *ronin* and of course they were very poor. The year end was approaching and they waited for it with fear and trembling because they had not even a *rin* with which to meet many pressing obligations.

Now, Naisuke's wife had a brother who was a prosperous physician living in Kanda. In despair, she wrote a letter of appeal, begging him to lend them some money for the year-end bills.

The brother was a comfortable, generous old soul, and his sister's letter greatly distressed him. 'I suppose it can't be helped,' he grumbled amiably to himself, 'she's my sister, and I must send them something.' And he chuckled as he wrapped up the substantial sum of ten *ryo* in a small paper package which he addressed to his sister in Shinagawa.

The doctor's errand-boy delivered the package at Naisuke's house at a most opportune moment, and the poverty-burdened couple overwhelmed the messenger with expressions of thanks.

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As soon as he had gone out of sight, they hastened to open the covering and were not a little amazed to find inside it a box such as is used to hold medicine tablets on the outside of which was written in the physician's hand.

Sickness — Poverty.
Medicine — Gold money tablets.
Dose — Use them well and you will be cured.

Just like a real prescription!

They laughed with joy over this brotherly joke, and could hardly believe their eyes when they found ten gold *ryo* inside the package. This was a fortune, and like true *samurai*, they at once felt that they should share their happiness with others. So Naisuke at once wrote to all his friends, *ronin* like himself, begging them to come to a year-end feast at his house that same evening.

It was a cold, bitter night, snowing hard, but seven of his friends came to the feast. When they were all assembled and dinner was prepared, Naisuke informed his guests, who appeared somewhat puzzled at the unusual prosperity of their host, 'Luckily I have received some money; I am able to have a very good New Year.' And he showed them the gay prescription of his brother-in-law.

They all laughed heartily at the kindly conceit of the physician, and admired greatly the ten gold tablets which were prescribed for the disease which afflicted them all — poverty. So, after everyone had finished looking at the gold pieces, Naisuke said, 'Well, I shall now put this medicine back in its box.' Collecting them, he found only nine pieces.

All the guests at once stood up in their places, and began to shake their clothes, but the coin did not drop out, nor could they find it anywhere under the cushions.

'This is very strange; where can it be?' they all murmured. But it could not be found.

Then Naisuke seemed to recollect something. 'Of course,' he cried striking his forehead with his fist; 'how silly I am! I am very sorry to have alarmed you, but I forgot I had spent one *ryo* so there could have been only nine when I showed them to you.' He hastened to wrap the nine up.

The guests, however, were not reassured by this courtly explanation. 'There certainly were ten,' they exclaimed. The first man near Naisuke then unfastened his *obi* and shook his clothes off, standing naked before them all. Silently the second man followed his example.

But the third man sat dumb, with a frown gathering upon his face. Changing his position he sat on his heels and placed his hands before him in ceremonial fashion, and spoke to his friends in a toneless voice. 'There are many strange complications in life. There is no need for me to remove my clothes, for surely it is because of some evil I have done in a former life: to-night I have with me one *ryo*. Such being the case, my honor is smirched, and I shall abandon my life.' As he spoke, before the eyes of the unhappy guests he prepared to commit the *samurai* suicide, *seppuku*.

But all the others cried: 'Surely he speaks truth. Poor as we all are, not one of us but has at least one *ryo* in our possession, even though we do not carry it about with us.'

But noble as were their words, in their thoughts they all felt that he had taken it, for they knew in their hearts that none of them owned even half a *ryo*.

Then the suspected man explained: 'Yesterday, I sold the *Kozuka* [small knife carried in the hilt of a sword] made by Tokujo [a celebrated maker of sword furniture] to one Juzaemon

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for one *ryo*. But so unfortunate is this occasion for me and for my honor, that I must now kill myself. But do you, pray, go to Juzaemon to-morrow, and learn if what I say be not the truth.'

As he was then putting the sword to his abdomen, one of the guests hurriedly called out, 'Oh, here is the money. I have just found it under the shade of this lantern.'

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief, and the self-condemned man ceased his preparations for self-despatch. 'Ah,' everyone breathed, 'we should have looked more carefully.' As they congratulated one another on the fortunate ending of the serious affair, Naisuke's wife ran in crying, 'Here is the *ryo;* I found it sticking to the lid of the cake-box.'

Well, everyone was astonished. Of course, the wife's story was the true one. But now here were eleven *ryo* and there should have been only ten. But where did the *ryo* found under the shade of the lantern come from? Some one of the party must have given it? But who? They all wondered, and one man said, 'That ten *ryo* have become eleven is indeed a thing to rejoice about.' They all congratulated Naisuke who was bewildered by the strange events of the evening.

Now, the owner of Naisuke's house was a guest, and he said, 'Of course it would be quite natural that the nine *ryo* should become the original number of ten again; but that they should have become eleven is a very odd circumstance, indeed. Now, whichever one of you it was who gave the *ryo* when the serious question was troubling us, please speak up and let us give it back to you.'

No one answered although they were all pressed time and time again to take back the *ryo*. No one had a word to say, and they all passed a very uncomfortable night until cock-crow, no one being willing to claim the ownership of the coin. Everyone was sad; the jolly party had been spoiled by this miscalculation. Finally, the owner of the house asked the guests if they would consent to abide by his decision in the matter of the ownership of the extra coin. They all agreed to do his bidding.

'Very well,' he decided; 'I shall place the coin in this cake-box, and the box I shall place beside the well outside the house door near the garden gate. You shall all go home, one by one. As each man goes out, he shall close the door, and until the garden gate bangs behind him as he leaves, no other guest shall stir from his place. The person who gave the extra *ryo* then will please take it as he goes home.' The coin was placed in the box, and the box beside the well. And one by one the guests departed. When they had all gone the hosts went out to examine the box. The coin was gone.

Now, who took it? No one knows; but, of course, the man who gave it took it away, because these were all knightly people, men of character who knew their responsibilities and duties. They were men of courage, and despite their poverty, were strong in their *samurai* faith.

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HOUDON, SCULPTOR OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

BY SIR CLAUDE PHILLIPS

From *The Daily Telegraph, August* 3
(INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE)

IT is a subject for the deepest regret that the repetition of Houdon's full-length statue of Washington, recently presented by the State of Virginia and erected in Trafalgar Square, should have been placed with so little regard for its true significance on the one hand, for its monumental effect on the other. The work, which cannot be accounted one of Houdon's masterpieces, has nevertheless its own peculiar beauties. But, as it now appears to the passing Londoner, it is a *plein-air* statue, lacking amplitude of dimensions, lacking intensity of accent, and, through the unimportant place which it occupies, acquiring — what it never was intended to acquire — a certain intimacy of character disconcerting in the presentment of a hero. The original, the history of which we shall presently recount, is conceived, not as an outdoor, but as an indoor statue. It is erected in monumental solitude in the Capitol at Richmond, Virginia, the illumination of the figure being necessarily different from, and presumably more expressive than, that of the modern repetition in bronze, which, rising too unobtrusively from a plot of grass bordering upon a noisy thoroughfare, makes the impression of something comparatively undramatic and commonplace.

Houdon has no luck with us. His two magnificent busts, Madame Victoire, and Madame de Sérilly, in the Wallace Collection, though grandly composed, are marked by an intimate character, a subtlety of expression, which renders them quite unfit to serve as monumental decorations — as they do now — on either side of the Grand Staircase in Hertford House. We prefer to realize in the Madame de Sérilly, the brilliant *mondaine* who so narrowly escaped the guillotine; in Madame Victoire, the uninteresting daughter of Louis XV, who so pretentiously asserted her dignity as aunt of the reigning monarch, Louis XVI.

In the modern version of the Washington, so disappointing when we first come in contact with it, what attracts on a careful examination is the beauty of the head, the lofty serenity of the mien, the inspiration of the conception as a whole. Before the completion of the original statue there had been much discussion as to whether the great general and patriot should appear as a conventional hero, in classical garments, or in the uniform of the period; a discussion recalling that which took place between Sir Joshua Reynolds and some other artists over Benjamin West's painting, The Death of General Wolfe. Washington, as might have been expected, chose the uniform in which Houdon has here represented him. He stands with a plough behind him, one hand resting upon a Roman *fasces*, symbol of the thirteen United States; the other ready, but not eager, to draw the sword. We find it impossible to conjure up a vision of Washington, the stately, impassive gentleman, completely naked — as Napoleon I appears in the great bronze statue of the Brera at Milan, and in the still more colossal marble statue of Apsley House, pre-

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sented by Louis XVIII to the Duke of Wellington.

It was in 1785 that Houdon started with Franklin for the United States, in order to study and model the head of Washington for the statue commissioned by the State of Virginia. Franklin and Jefferson, who had been entrusted with the choice of a sculptor, had very naturally decided in favor of their friend, who had already produced two busts of La Fayette — one for Richmond, Virginia, the other for the Municipality of Paris — and had attained signal success with his wonderful bust of Franklin, one example of which is now in the Louvre. Our master, in this unlike very many painters and sculptors of to-day, objected to working from portraits, though he had before him notable examples of this questionable mode of procedure: for instance, that of Bernini consenting to execute the bust of Charles I from the triple portrait by Van Dyck. Titian, too, worked out his famous portrait of François I, in the Louvre, without consulting the living model. He who was so familiar with Charles V, and made him the subject of so many masterpieces, was never in personal contact with François I. Nor, indeed, had he even seen Isabella of Portugal (the deceased consort of Charles V) of whom he painted a decorative, but empty, *portrait d'apparat*, now in the Prado Gallery of Madrid.

But we are straying too far from Houdon, the greatest portrait-sculptor of the eighteenth century — perhaps the greatest portrait-sculptor of all time. His voyage, commencing at Havre on July 22, 1785, terminated at Philadelphia on September 14 — a not very protracted adventure, considering the dangers and delays of sea journeys in those days. He made his way with all speed to Washington's country seat, Mount Vernon, where he worked hard for a fortnight, making a life-mask of the noble if rather stiff features, taking full notes, and then setting out at once on his return journey to France. It was evidently all work and no play for poor Houdon, who valiantly made his way to the United States for the one thing, and, that accomplished, hastened back to his studio and his numerous commissions. Though his artistic reputation already stood high at the time of his flying visit to America, it does not appear that he was welcomed with any particular warmth, or that he received from his somewhat austere host any exceptional hospitality.

A letter of Jefferson's of January 4, 1786, shows Houdon already back in Paris and at work on his statue. The terms accorded to him were sufficiently liberal. The expenses of the American journey, including those of two assistants, were defrayed by the States, and for the statue itself a sum of 25,000 francs was paid. This liberality reminds us of that of the great Empress Catherine who, much about the same time paid to Sir Joshua Reynolds 1000 guineas for his sham-heroic Infant Hercules strangling the Serpents, and at the same time presented to him a diamond snuff-box.

We hear of Houdon showing the bust (not the full-length) to amateurs on December 16, 1786. In the Salon of 1787 the bust was exhibited, with the description 'Le Général Washington, fait par l'auteur dans la terre de ce Général en Virginie.' In the Salon of 1793 there was shown a 'Statue esquisse en plâtre, d'environ un pied.' The statue itself, after having been exhibited in the artist's studio in 1792, was sent to America to be erected in the Capitol at Richmond.

We have seen that the work, though as regards the head a masterpiece unsurpassable for nobility and refinement, is not as a whole to be counted among

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Houdon's most remarkable achievements. None the less was it desirable to accord full rights to the repetition expressly prepared for London, and to choose for it a place where, standing in solitude, a little away from the hum of the great city, it might be contemplated at the leisure of the onlooker. We would have selected for it some central space in the garden of the Victoria Embankment, beneath a light cupola or dome, that should, so far as possible, have given the same scheme of light and shade as that afforded in the Richmond Capitol to the original.

It cannot too often be repeated that the greatness of the French master is not to be estimated by the few works from his hand which have found their way to England. Throughout his long life (1741–1828), which embraced the Monarchy, the Republic, the Empire, and the Restoration, he poured forth masterpieces; including in his *œuvre* almost all the illustrious men and many of the illustrious women of his time. Not only the body, but the soul, of those whose personality he summed up, was revealed by the great master. No other artist, ancient or modern, has with such technical mastery or such deep human sympathy realized all that was greatest, all that was most vivacious and charming, all that was most tender and subtle in the human beings whom he undertook to present to the world. No portraitist among either sculptors or painters has so brought to the surface the finest shades of thought and feeling. The world has never before or since seen in counterfeit presentment men so famous, for good or for evil, as those who sat to Houdon, and to his penetrating gaze yielded up the innermost secrets of their being. His fine phrase on the attributes of the sculptor's art has been often quoted: 'One of the finest attributes of the difficult art of the sculptor is to preserve forms with perfect truth, and to render almost imperishable the likenesses of men who have been at once the glory and the happiness of the state. This idea has been ever with me and has encouraged me in my long labors.'

Though Houdon succeeded in every branch of the sculptor's art, it was precisely in the portrayal of those who had deserved well of their country that he reached his highest point.

It was in the rendering of the men of letters, the men of science, the Encyclopædists, the politicians, that his greatest triumphs were achieved. To dwell with rapt attention upon the portraits of these men is to read in its most splendid passages the book of the world's culture. Take the famous Voltaire, of which one version is in the Foyer of the Comédie Française, and another in the Hermitage at Petrograd. Of this, in truth, nothing that is new remains to be said. See also the less sensational but even more subtle Jean-Jacques Rousseau, with that wonderful look of hesitation and distrust in his eyes! For this last, Houdon, hastening to the dwelling of the dead man, himself made a death-mask.

Then we have — subtlest of all among these many unravelings of human character — the bust of d'Alembert, leader of the Encyclopædists. He is here seen after the death of his adored mistress, Julie de Lespinasse — a philosopher no longer, but a broken-hearted man. Safe in the self-sacrificing love, the truth of d'Alembert, Mlle. de Lespinasse had given herself, in unrestrained passion, first to the Marquis de Mora, then, after his death, to M. de Guibert; in either case (and that was her well-deserved punishment) compelled to own to herself that she was more loving than loved. Dying, she, with a cruelty that seems incredible in one who had so many fine qualities, confided her love-correspondence to the

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hapless d'Alembert — thus requiting with a mortal thrust by a dead hand his unparalleled devotion. With no open exhibition of tragic despair, Houdon concentrates in this face, which strives to be impassive, a world of agony.

Grim and terrible, a man of the fifteenth century rather than the eighteenth, appears the great naturalist Buffon, in a bust done expressly for Catherine, Empress of Russia, and known not only in the marble bust of the Hermitage, but in various repetitions in the Louvre and elsewhere. How sympathetic in comparison, how full of the nobler joy in life, appears Lavoisier, the famous chemist, in the terra-cotta bust of the Louvre, and the original plaster of the Schwerin Museum! In Louis David's beautiful group, Lavoisier and his wife (1787), he gives himself equally to science and to conjugal love; but in Houdon's bust it is the great goddess who alone inspires him.

There is, perhaps, no such expression of high intelligence and exquisite distinction in the whole life-work of the master as we find in the Duc de Nivernais, the marble original of which has disappeared, and is represented now only by the original plaster version in the Schwerin Museum. Nowhere else, whether in sculpture or in painting, is the *haute noblesse* of France, in its last and best moments, so felicitously realized. Then again, with the truest inspiration Houdon presents Glück at the moment when, trampling down opposition, he stands forth supreme at the Grand Opéra of Paris, and in music-drama generally. The rough working-clothes, the homely, pock-marked features — these things give but a higher intensity to the genius of the man who, at a time when everywhere was but exquisite frivolity, divined and expressed to the full the sublimity of the Greeks.

Houdon, so far as it was possible to do so, kept clear of the Revolution and its protagonists. He has, however, left us more than one magnificent bust of Mirabeau, the most passionately eloquent orator of the Revolution in its beginnings. The beautiful bust of a supercilious young gentleman (formerly in the collection of the sculptor Chapu) was at one time accepted as that of Robespierre. It is now, however, well recognized that this is no portrait of the 'Sea-green Incorruptible,' nor of any personality as marked as his.

Quite by itself is the Cagliostro — an amazing rendering of what might have been held to be beyond representation in sculpture — the man, half-genius, half-charlatan, and fully conscious of his strange dual personality. Of this Cagliostro one example is in the Museum of Aix-en-Provence, another is, or rather was, in the London residence of the late Sir John Murray Scott. A not unfruitful analysis of each particular bust of this great time might be made in the way here attempted.

Woman plays in relation to man a subordinate rôle in the *œuvre* of Houdon; and yet some of his loveliest things are the portraits of women and children. Exquisitely feminine is the Sophie Arnould in the rôle of Iphigénie, which was at one time in the late Sir John Murray Scott's collection. Beneath the tearful heroine of Racine and of Glück we see — or shall we say guess at? — the *femme charmante* more celebrated for her *bons mots* than for the perfection of her art as vocalist and actress. The bust of Mme. de Sérilly at Hertford House we have already mentioned. A somewhat alarming amiability of aspect, combined with the suggestion of great intensity of will, characterizes the Empress Catherine of Russia, a work compelling in its force, though it was not done from life. For, hard as it may be to believe this, the French master

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never saw the august Empress, Ruler of All the Russias.

No new description is required of the universally known Molière, of the Comédie Française, for which bust Houdon, accepting moderate eulogy, refused the title of *Père de la Comédie*, which enthusiasts more passionate than discriminating had sought to attach to it.

Our master excelled greatly in the rendering of young girls and children — half-opened flowers, but brilliant already in freshness and beauty. Celebrated are the busts of the Brongniart family — especially that of the delicious Louise Brongniart. Less known but hardly less charming is the Madame Royale — Duchesse d'Angoulême (?), of which there is an original cast in the Schwerin Museum.

Houdon was occasionally employed, but not greatly favored, by Napoleon I. A singularly beautiful terra-cotta bust of the Emperor by the great sculptor (1806) is in the Museum of Dijon. There are perhaps more forcible likenesses of the world-conqueror than this; there is none of a simpler and more classic perfection, or a truer sublimity. Not again was the master to rise to these heights.

Houdon's homely appearance in old age is well shown in the elaborate portrait-piece, Houdon dans son Atelier, by Boilly. This is one of the treasures of the Musée Henry at Cherbourg. Excellent is the unflattered likeness of the master, who appears dressed in a kind of long white smock, or sculptor's coat, busily engaged in modeling a bust. The *va-et-vient* of the studio, filled with pupils and sightseers, in no way disturbs the veteran, who, 'venerable patriarch, guileless holds the tenor of his way.' No life of artist was ever more nobly filled than this of Houdon, one of France's greatest glories.

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THE SEASON OPENS

BY HENRY VIDAL

From *Le Figaro, August* 15
(Paris Liberal Nationalist Daily)

At dawn on August 15 our Nimrods have taken the field. Nimrods? In the *Midi* they never say hunters, but Nimrods. The papers announce: 'This week Marius Escarteprune shot a dove near Cabasse. It is not the first achievement of our Nimrod; but we congratulate him again.'

Indeed our Southerners are 'mighty hunters before the Lord,' in the words of the Scripture. To be sure, they are so only in the spirit. But that is not their fault. There never has been game in Provence.

I made this statement in the service of truth, though I am quite sure that I shall be stigmatized as a 'liar,' a 'renegade,' and perhaps as an 'individual,' which is the worst thing you can say of a man down here.

The other day, none the less, I read of a congress of the hunters of Var, called to protest against an order forbidding shooting at sparrows. Now, if there were real game in Provence, they would leave sparrows in peace.

But the Nimrods protested. Consider their case. They have carefully erected shelters in the top of some olive, almond, or cypress tree, and all that will be wasted.

You know what I mean by shelters. You see them from the car-window when you speed southward, to our sunny Mediterranean coast — tiny hutlets masked with foliage. The Nimrods conceal themselves in these before sunrise, having first placed little cages of captured decoy birds in easy line of fire. At sunrise these imprisoned birds begin to sing, calling to their mates still at liberty to succor them. A bird perches on yonder cypress limb. There is a flash, a tremendous roar: the Nimrod has fired. A little bleeding, mangled body falls in front of the cages and their terrified occupants.

In the evening they assemble, naturally at the *Café de Chasseurs;* and what exploits they recount! Madam Jeanne, the cashier, will testify to that. She knows their hunting stories by heart.

'It happened in 1908. M. Napoléon Banast, on the first day of the season, shot four starlings.'

'That's right,' shouts M. Banast. 'Wait a moment and I'll show you how I did it. Boy, bring me the gun.'

The proprietor has had a perfect copy of a fowling-piece made of wood, for the sole use of his patrons when they tell their hunting tales.

'Here you, boy!' M. Banast repeats impatiently. 'Give me the gun, so I can show them how I shot those starlings.'

'Just a moment, sir. M. Agueboulide has the gun at this moment, explaining how he shot two goldfinches.'

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A PAGE OF VERSE

A SHADOW OF DANTE

BY C. FIELD

[*The Westminster Gazette*]

So Stròmboli retreated in the gloom,
  Flinging red flame and molten lava high,
  A flaring portent: We, who passed it by,
Carry that lurid memory to the tomb;
Yet round its crater living flowers bloom,
  The vine, fig, olive, grow and fructify,
  Above it laughs the blue Italian sky,
A paradise upon the verge of doom.

As fiery as that red volcanic blast,
  Through years he wrestled with his unseen Foe
  Wailing in pain, 'I will not let Thee go,
Until Thou bless me who have held Thee fast';
  And so our Dante from his hell of woe
Arose to paradise and peace at last.

THE ALMOND TREE

BY S. G. TALLENTS

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

Thus from a bitter ground,
  By sorrow long retarded,
Pity, at last unbound,
  At last unguarded,

From the heart of the gnarled wood
  In dark and secret hour,
Steals silently to bud,
  Silent to flower;

But blowing unconfined
  In loveliness fugitive
Must soon to the sharp wind
  That beauty give —
A sweet and bruised array,
  So late in splendor burning,
To what blind prison of clay
  Dumbly returning?

REQUIEM

BY RICHARD CHURCH

[*The Spectator*]

A stranger told me you were dead,
  And I, unmoved, replied,
Asking, in even tones, the place
  And hour you died.

But as, half reverently, he told
  The things I asked of him,
I saw you on a summer night,
  With your eyes dim,

Telling your dreams to me, the hopes
  That would not let you rest;
The faith in life, the faith in love.
  I saw your breast

Rising and falling to the moon
  White as a troubled tide
That sweeps the world, but cannot find
  A place to abide.

Youth upon your shoulders lay,
  A cloak that made you one
With the luring beauty of the South;
  Warm as the Sun.

Your hair was fragrant in those days,
  And your eager hands would touch
The empty air, as though your thoughts
  Were fruit to clutch.

You would not rest. One night you lay
  Sleeping upon my breast;
I saw the torment of your sleep —
  You would not rest!

Day-long, night-long, throbbing heart,
  Wounded with life, you bled.
Now it is over; now you are healed;
  Now you are dead!

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LUDWIG BARTH, AUTOGRAPH COLLECTOR

In his castle in Graz, Styria, dwells Ludwig Barth, king of all the autograph collectors in the world, and with him dwells his Book. No ordinary book, for in it are nineteen hundred autographs of the most famous personages of the modern world, and four hundred pictures, every one with associations that put it almost beyond price. In it, too, are the results of seventeen years of ceaseless labor and the expenditure of seventy thousand (pre-war) francs.

Other autograph collectors are satisfied to obtain their prizes by letter. Not so Herr Barth, who has secured all but two or three of his nineteen hundred by personal interviews.

'You deserve the Nobel prize!' exclaimed the King of Denmark, as he turned the pages of the Book.

'Sire, I prefer your autograph,' replied Herr Barth. The King reached for his pen.

The Mikado of Japan, the Shah of Persia, ex-Kaiser Wilhelm II, ex-President Wilson, Emperor Francis Joseph, King Edward VII, Queen Mary, and King George have all inscribed the pages of the Book; and artists and scientists whose distinction equals or surpasses that of rulers of nations are there as well: Ernst Haeckel, Puccini, Grieg, Israels, Rodin, Defregger, Solomon J. Solomons.

This book of autographs is an international rendezvous, and the memoirs of its maker, if they are ever written, will be a contribution both to history and to literature; for Herr Barth has met well-nigh all the makers of the modern world. Chatting quietly with the visitor who bends above the wonderful pages of his treasure, the old collector tells in a talk of ten minutes what King Edward said to him at Marienbad, King George in Buckingham Palace, Pius X in the Vatican, Sarah Bernhardt in Paris, and Queen Mary just after her coronation. Musicians add a few bars of music above their names, famous painters draw sketches. In the book is the last sketch that Hodler made before his death, while the autographs of Dreyfus, his accusers, and his defenders, give way to the makers of modern history. Kitchener is there, and Mackensen, and Hindenburg, who, Herr Barth thinks, allows himself to be too much fêted by his admiring fellow citizens.

He pauses reverently above the page where the Emperor Francis Joseph wrote 'Viribus Unitis,' and then turns the page to where another signature stands, with a date just before the signing of the Treaty of Versailles — 'Woodrow Wilson.'

Clemenceau's signature is not among the nineteen hundred, and there is an interesting reason for its absence. Before he signed, the Frenchman was idly turning the pages, when he came upon a bold signature — 'Wilhelm II.' He leaped from his chair, he even rushed to a window and opened it to let in the fresh air, and has ever since firmly refused to sign his name in the same book.

I wanted it photographed first [says Herr Barth of his book as he tells why he refused an offer of $500,000 from Pierpont Morgan]. If I had to part with my treasure, then I felt that the whole world must share it. Morgan would not consent. So I was content to remain poor and keep my ideals. Of course, though that was a fancy price, the intrinsic value has increased immensely since then.

I had some trouble with the Kaiser, too, at an historic time — the date is the week of

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the Morocco crisis. A telegram from the Emperor Francis Joseph, telling him he had been proud to sign among such company, induced him at last. Queen Mary of England gave me hers a day after her coronation; I found King Edward and King George both charming and genial in a totally different way. The Prince of Monaco insisted on using the last page: 'Rien ne va plus.' Is there not something pathetic about this portrait which the Empress Eugénie gave me as an aged woman? Her picture — at the age of seventeen.

I and the book were invited by Gabrielle Deslys in Paris. It was a brilliant gathering. She took me aside and with her usual business acumen offered me seven thousand francs for the privilege of putting her autograph among the immortals. I refused; told her that my illustrious ones worked with brain and hand, not with their feet. She took it good-temperedly.

*

SAMUEL PEPYS STREET

THE City Corporation of London has decided to name one of its streets for Samuel Pepys, and the street selected is to be one which was intimately associated with the quaint diarist during his lifetime. It will probably bear the full name, Samuel Pepys Street, though there is a possibility that it will be called merely Pepys Street.

Mr. Walter G. Bell, in an article in the *Daily Telegraph*, hails the naming with delight: —

That is as it should be. If there is a typical Londoner, surely it is old Pepys. What stone of London did he not know? A man of affairs before all things, a man of middle-class origin, as we should say today, though thrown into constant contact with the great, — and, as his not inconsiderable 'gettings' accumulated, with some pretensions himself to be of 'the quality,' — Pepys was quite unlike his contemporary diarist, John Evelyn. The last-named traveled the world, and delighted to tell us about it, with some grandiloquence. Pepys had traveled London and no man who has done that thoroughly can be said to be ill-equipped. Both were egoists, but there is a naïvete about Samuel Pepys's egoism which has more charm, is much more alluring, than Evelyn's cold correctness. Evelyn was I fear, a prig, and to his companions, I feel sure, a bore. He never forgot his birth and station, having no reason to do so. Perhaps Pepys, whose vanity in himself is an enduring delight, thought he had such reason.

Pepy's name will probably be given to one of the new streets to be constructed about the new buildings of the Port of London Authority, overlooking Tower Hill. While he was Clerk of the Acts, the diarist lived in the Navy Office in Seething Lane. The Port of London Authority's buildings have cleared and overrun one side of the old Seething Lane, and the site of the old Navy Office is now within their boundary. Whichever of the new streets is selected, therefore, will have a certain intimate association with one of the quaintest figures in literature.

Mr. Bell claims the distinction of having definitely established Pepys's London birth. He was known to have been the son of a tailor, John Pepys, whose shop had been established in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, which backed on St. Bride's Churchyard. Since all the old diarist's associations are with London, his father's long residence there seemed to establish London as his birthplace; but conclusive proof was still lacking, and there were undoubted associations with Brampton in Huntingdonshire, where his early schooldays are known to have been spent, which led certain biographers to regard it as the birthplace.

However, says Mr. Bell, —

Chance came to me one day, when exploring the registers of St. Bride's Church in Fleet Street, to alight upon a baptismal entry which ran, 'Samuel, sonn to John Peapis, wyef Margaret,' at a date when Samuel was just eight days old — for the day of his birth is well established by his

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'Diary.' That, of course, settled all disputation. Samuel Pepys was born in the house in Salisbury Court, a Londoner of ourselves, and properly the famous City is about to honor her famous son.

✽

THE SCIENTIFIC INACCURACIES OF THE POETS

SCIENTIFIC blunders by poets of distinction have been catalogued by the London *Morning Post*, which finds Longfellow and Tennyson among the chief offenders, and agrees with Theodore Watts-Dunton, that Browning never understood the theory of organic evolution. Longfellow's blunder occurs in *Hiawatha*, in which he writes: —

Swift of foot was Hiawatha:
He could shoot an arrow from him,
And run forward with such fleetness
That the arrow fell behind him!
Strong of arm was Hiawatha:
He could shoot ten arrows upward,
Shoot them with such strength and swiftness,
That the tenth had left the bowstring
Ere the first to earth had fallen.

The English writer, being of a statistical frame of mind and unwilling to allow a poet anything at all in the way of hyperbole, points out that, in one case, Hiawatha would have had to run forty-six miles an hour, and that in the other he would have had to shoot at the rate of ninety arrows a minute.

Tennyson is guilty of inaccuracy in his lines, —

Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born, —

which occur in 'The Vision of Sin.' Babbage, the inventor of the calculating machine, wrote to Tennyson to point out his error, which consists in giving the ratio between birth-rate and death-rate as one to one, which would result in a stationary, instead of an increasing, population. It is true that the ratio was then actually one to one and one-sixteenth. But perhaps it is even truer that inventors of calculating machines would better not try to read poetry.

✽

THE TOMB OF DANTE'S PATRON

VERONA'S celebration of the sixth centenary of Dante's death was marked by an extremely interesting ceremony — the opening of the sarcophagus of Can Grande, the most famous member of the Scaliger family, a great captain, and the protector and friend of Dante. From time to time the question has been raised whether the sarcophagus really contained the body, and Count Serego Allighiero, who claims descent from Dante himself, secured permission to set all doubt at rest by opening it.

When the heavy lid was lifted off, the embalmed body appeared, still well preserved after six centuries. It lay on the right side, facing the west. The head was still covered with brown hair, and the expression of the face, with high forehead and hard chin, was clearly discernible. The right hand was entirely intact.

Can Grande's body was wrapped in a yellow silk cloth, with magnificent gold embroidery and blue bands, the colors of the old Veronese banner. By its side lay a large sword, badly rusted; and scattered in the sarcophagus were dried flowers and aromatic herbs. Only the sword was removed, to be placed in the city museum, and the sarcophagus was again closed.

This is the ancient warrior who gives the title to Miss Amy Lowell's poem, *Can Grande's Castle.*

✽

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE 'ROCK OF AGES'

THOUSANDS of Churchmen and Nonconformists joined recently in a pilgrimage to the great rock at Burrington

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Combs, Somersetshire, which, according to tradition, inspired Augustus Toplady to write the hymn, 'Rock of Ages.' The clergyman is said to have been overtaken by a storm at this point and to have sought shelter in a cleft in the great mass of stone, and, looking out from it, to have been inspired to write his hymn.

Certain chronological difficulties decrease the probability of the tradition, but it can never be definitely disproved. The hymn is said to have been written during Toplady's curacy in the Mendip Hills, that is, between 1762 and 1764; but not a line of it is definitely known to have existed until 1775, when Toplady printed the first two lines of the first stanza and the last two of the third in an article in the *Gospel Magazine*. The complete text was printed in the same journal during the following year.

The cleft in the rock is very large, an adequate shelter for several men, and the cliff itself towers far above the head of the passer-by. The service which concluded the pilgrimage was held directly in front of the poet's shelter from the storm.

✽

TIMEPIECES OF FOUR CENTURIES

VIENNA now boasts possession of the largest collection of clocks and watches in the world, for the municipal museum has lately been enriched by three private collections, each one notable in itself. A Viennese teacher, for many years amused himself by forming a collection of timepieces, which has now come into the hands of the municipal authorities. Shortly after this, two leading business men bought the famous collection formed by the Austrian poet, Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach, and presented it to the museum.

Still a third collection has since been added, that of an old watchmaker, Master Nikolaus, who was compelled by the fuel scarcity of 1917 to sell his treasures for a small sum of money and a few tons of coal. He retained eight especially valuable clocks, with which he could not bear to part.

The combined collections include clocks of four centuries. Some are very primitive affairs with clumsy works and only a single hand, for they date back to an age when time was of so much less importance than it is now, that people were content to know the hour only and did not trouble themselves about the minutes. When the clocks are kept running, the museum is a horological pandemonium. The 'Egg of Nuremberg,' a watch shaped like an egg, tiny watches placed within a silver thaler, or in a lady's ring, clocks with musical boxes, cuckoo clocks from the Black Forest, tremendous church-clocks — the timepieces of all the generations since clocks began to be are represented. Nor is the precision of a scientific age neglected. Our own time is represented by two electric precision clocks, so exact that for months their pendulums have been swinging in perfect unison.

✽

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The Evolution of World Peace: Essays, arranged and edited by F. S. Marion. Oxford University Press. London. 9*s.* 6*d.* net.

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